

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LXXV. }

No. 2459. -- August 15, 1891.

} From Beginning,  
Vols CXC.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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## SORROW.

SORROW, my guide, my teacher, and my mate,  
 To whose divine companionship I owe  
 All that I feel and much of what I know,  
 Think not thou scorn, O Sorrow, that my fate

Hath brought me nigh to such a potentate,  
 Yea, such a king, as thou art. Men may grow  
 To love the cross they bear; and even so  
 Should I love thee, whose pomp of sombre state

Is with me always. I have seen thee send  
 And pluck his morsel from the lips of Joy  
 In mid-fruit: yet art thou a friend  
 Even to the bliss thou seemest to destroy.  
 Thou art more tender far, and far more fair,  
 Than she who else would haunt me—dumb despair.

A. J. MUNBY.

## "FOR BETTER FOR WORSE."

"I HAVE never pressed thee, dear," he said  
 (The wild waves rage over Whitby Scar);  
 "But 'twas but for a month they sailed away,  
 And twice thou hast counted a year and a day,  
 With never a word of the Flying Spray,  
 An' thou knowest thy Jean is dead.

"Thou wilt never hold me close and dear"  
 (The wild waves roar over Whitby Scar),  
 "But thy lot is lonesome, and toil is hard,  
 An' if thou wilt gi' me thyself to guard,  
 I'll never ask thee for more reward,  
 An' I'll hold thee very dear."

At last she sobbed: "I will be thy wife"  
 (The wild waves thunder on Whitby Scar),  
 She had learned to lean on his tender care;  
 It is ill on a lonely path to fare;  
 And never a woman but fain would share  
 The roses and wine of life.

The wedding day drew near apace  
 (The wild waves call upon Whitby Scar)  
 When a lad ran hard to his cottage home,  
 And bade him, "Haste thy ways and come,"  
 Where, with piteous eyes and white lips dumb,  
 She looked up in his face.

And at last she whispered: "No wedding day  
 (The wild waves crash upon Whitby Scar)  
 "Will ever bring me, dear, to thee;  
 A vision has come in sleep to me,  
 And I know he lives, though deep in the sea  
 Lies the wreck of the Flying Spray.

"I saw him, dear—it is sore on us both"—  
 (The wild waves rave over Whitby Scar)  
 "I saw him weary, and worn, and white,  
 But the coin we broke, in his hand shone bright,  
 And he kissed it under a great moon's light,  
 And said: 'We keep our troth.'

"I doubt I have used thee very ill"  
 (The grey waves wail over Whitby Scar);  
 "But thou art tender and strong to forgive,  
 An' be friends the bit that I has to live,  
 Sitha! the bees have left my hive!  
 But thou wilt be happy still.

"And Jean looked up to the crimson skies"  
 (The ebb-tide sobbed upon Whitby Scar):  
 "I heard his voice speak clear and strong;  
 He said: 'Ma lass, it is not for long,  
 For Heaven sets straight what earth makes wrong,'  
 And a smile was in his eyes."

And or ever another autumn came  
 (The blue waves sigh over Whitby Scar)  
 They laid the pale girl to her rest,  
 With her broken sapphire on her breast,  
 And we mourned her gently who loved her best,  
 For her weary watch was done.

That day on a desert tropic isle  
 (The soft waves whisper on Whitby Scar)  
 A lonely man lay down on the sand,  
 A token tight in his wasted hand,  
 And passed to the undiscovered land,  
 And his dead lips wore a smile.

All The Year Round.

## SOMMERSTEMNING.\*

OH, the joy of the hot June weather,  
 When Summer lies bound in her tangled hair,  
 When the grass on the hills is in waving feather,  
 And the scent of the orchis is in the air,  
 And the lilies lie in fragrant masses,  
 White and gold as the robes of kings,  
 On the breast of the lake where the cygnet passes,  
 And the dragon-fly flashes his glittering wings.

Light and life come back with the Summer,  
 Dusk and dark with the winter cold,  
 When the snow falls thick, and all things grow dumber,  
 In the hush of a year that has grown too old.  
 Give us our thirty years in a far-land,  
 Where summer is golden away to men,  
 And we wish you joy of your northern star-land,  
 To live out your three-score years and ten.  
 Spectator. CLARA GRANT DUFF.

\* Norwegian for Summerjoy.

From The Nineteenth Century.

# THE "COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA."

THE "National Australasian Convention" concluded its sittings in Sydney last week, and as one of the representatives of that city in the Parliament of New South Wales I have naturally been an attentive observer of its proceedings.

The following is a brief review of those proceedings, containing also a condensed version of the Constitution drafted for the proposed "Commonwealth of Australia."

The Convention began its work on Monday, the 2nd of March, with a roll of forty-five delegates, representing the whole of the Australasian colonies. Sir Henry Parkes, the well-known premier of New South Wales, submitted, as a basis for discussion, the following propositions:—

That in order to establish and secure an enduring foundation for the structure of a federal government, the principles embodied in the resolutions following be agreed to:—

- (1) That the powers and privileges and territorial rights of the several existing colonies shall remain intact, except in respect to such surrenders as may be agreed upon as necessary and incidental to the power and authority of the National Federal Government.
- (2) That the trade and intercourse between the federated colonies, whether by means of land carriage or coastal navigation, shall be absolutely free.
- (3) That the power and authority to impose customs duties shall be absolutely lodged in the federal government and parliament, subject to such disposal of the revenues thence derived as shall be agreed upon.
- (4) That the military and naval defence of Australia shall be intrusted to federal forces, under one command.

Subject to these and other necessary provisions, this Convention approves of the framing of a federal constitution which shall establish—

- (1) A parliament, to consist of a senate and a house of representatives, the former consisting of an equal number of members from each province, to be elected by a system which shall provide for the retirement of one-third of the members every years, so securing to the body itself a perpetual existence combined with definite responsibility to the electors, the latter

to be elected by districts formed on a population basis, and to possess the sole power of originating and amending all bills appropriating revenue or imposing taxation.

- (2) A judiciary, consisting of a federal supreme court, which shall constitute a high court of appeal for Australia, under the direct authority of the Sovereign, whose decisions as such shall be final.
- (3) An executive, consisting of a governor-general, and such persons as may from time to time be appointed as his advisers, such persons sitting in parliament, and whose term of office shall depend upon their possessing the confidence of the house of representatives expressed by the support of the majority.

It was expected from the first that the chief obstacle, or "lion in the path," would be the issue between Protection and Free Trade, but it was soon made clear that the Free Trade delegates would be content to leave the decision to the Federal Parliament, and that the Protectionists felt quite satisfied with their prospects upon that understanding. So, very little was said on the subject. As the discussion proceeded it became evident that the points of serious difference would be few. Indeed, the only points of actual collision were two in number—one, as to the powers the Senate representing the states as such, each "state" having an equal number of votes in the House, should have over money bills. The second point involved the question of "responsible government," that is the position in which ministers were to stand with reference to the popular branch of the legislature. On these two important matters debate deepened into deadlock, the great majority of the delegates favoring what may be called an American view of the powers of the Senate, whilst the premiers of New South Wales, Victoria, and south Australia, fought most resolutely for British ideas—in other words for a house of representatives fashioned after the pattern, and with the predominating power, of the House of Commons. The importance to the larger states of the latter view, and to the smaller states of the former, will appear from the following table:

	Population December, 1890.	Area, square miles.	Annual revenue from Customs. £	Proposed representation.	
				In House of Representatives.	In the Senate.
New South Wales . . . .	1,170,000	309,175	1,905,883	39	8
Victoria . . . . .	1,148,000	87,884	2,890,719	38	8
Queensland . . . . .	422,000	668,224	1,346,768	14	8
South Australia . . . .	327,000	903,425	569,469	11	8
Western Australia . . .	45,500	975,920	171,990	4	8
Tasmania . . . . .	150,000	20,375	307,352	5	8
New Zealand . . . . .	630,000	104,027	1,467,316	21	8
Totals	3,898,500	3,075,030	8,659,497	132	56

Of the twenty-eight delegates who spoke upon the vexed question of "State rights," twenty-one favored the equal powers of the Senate over money bills, every delegate for the most populous colony of all, except Sir Henry Parkes, backing up the claims of the smaller colonies. After quite a pitched battle, the resolutions were amended by the omission of words obnoxious to the majority representing the rights of the minority, a situation rare in political affairs. So far, the proceedings had suggested a series of wonderful coincidences to those familiar with the struggles in the American Convention of 1787; and, as in that case, secret sittings in committee were necessary. Three committees were appointed: (1) on Constitutional machinery; (2) on Finance and Trade; (3) on the Federal Judiciary; and to these bodies the task of solving all difficulties and bringing up a draft bill was referred. The first and second committees wisely gave no record of divisions, the third did give such a record, which revealed the fact that every division resulted in a tie.

On the 31st of March, thirteen days after his appointment, Sir Samuel Griffiths, as chairman of the Constitutional Machinery Committee, presented the draft constitution to the Convention. Upon all hands the first impression, which may have to be corrected, was that the bill is exceedingly well drawn. One merit it must always have, that of clear diction. For this it is indebted in a great measure to the able hands that drew the American Constitution, the British North America Act of 1867, the South Africa Act of 1877, and local acts, for their labors have been skilfully appropriated in almost every clause for the benefit of the new "Commonwealth."

The Convention at once set to work upon the draft bill in committee, sitting with open doors. From first to last, and this will yet be regretted, there was scarcely any disposition to give the bill a thorough sifting. One or two amendments were entertained, but questions which will yet endanger the whole fabric in the constituencies were allowed to pass without dispute. The only real struggle turned upon the old difficulty as to the powers of the Senate. The committee, having to bring together those who wanted an upper house, as to money bills, of the House of Lords pattern, and those who wanted an upper house with the powers of the Senate of the United States, had arrived at the following compromise:—

#### *Appropriation and Tax Bills.*

(1) The Senate shall have equal power with the House of Representatives in respect of all proposed laws, except laws imposing taxation and laws appropriating the necessary supplies for the ordinary annual services of the Government, which the Senate may affirm or reject, but may not amend. But the Senate may not amend any proposed law in such a manner as to increase any proposed charge or burden on the people.

(2) Laws imposing taxation shall deal with the imposition of taxation only.

(3) Laws imposing taxation except laws imposing duties of Customs on imports shall deal with one subject of taxation only.

(4) The expenditure for services other than the ordinary annual services of the Government shall not be authorized by the same law as that which appropriates the supplies for such ordinary annual services, but shall be authorized by a separate law or laws.

(5) In the case of a proposed law which the Senate may not amend, the Senate may at any stage return it to the House of Representatives with a message requesting the omission or amendment of any items or provisions



therein. And the House of Representatives may, if it thinks fit, make such omissions or amendments, or any of them, with or without modifications.

Apparently the "popular rights" party had accepted this compromise. Not so the more ardent advocates of the powerful Senate. The battle was again renewed, and, after all, the compromise was only adopted by a majority of six votes; although Mr. Munro, the premier of Victoria, declared: "The compromise submitted on the present occasion is one which, if I were only to consider my personal view, I would at once reject as unworthy of a free people to accept. I say the claim as it stands does not accord with my views at all. The clause as it stands is a restriction upon public liberty, upon the right of the people to tax themselves."

The other difficulty was disposed of very ingeniously. The bill is worded so as to admit of a rigid adherence to the doctrine of responsible government, or a practice at variance with it. The ministers of the commonwealth may be tied to the chariot-wheel of the democracy, or "aid and advise" the governor-general in the sense in which a great council of state aids and advises the czar of Russia. None of the advocates of popular rights in the Convention demanded that in this "paper constitution" the practice of the mother country should be put in black and white, and that the "governor-general" should, in all cases of executive action, mean "with the advice of his responsible ministers." I do not think that this complaisance will be shown in the less exalted arena of the polls.

The bill, as finally adopted by the Convention with a recommendation that it should be accepted or rejected as a whole, is contained in one hundred and twenty-nine clauses, divided into eight chapters.

#### Chapter I. The Legislature.

- " II. The Executive Government.
- " III. The Federal Judicature.
- " IV. Finance and Trade.
- " V. The States.
- " VI. New States.
- " VII. Miscellaneous.
- " VIII. Powers of Amendment.

I give the following as a brief statement of its leading provisions. Her Majesty is to be represented by a governor-general, with powers similar to those of the governor-general of Canada, with one remarkable innovation, borrowed from the South Africa Act of 1877, which was designed for a federation not yet accomplished. The governor-general of Australia is empowered to send back any bill presented for the royal assent "with any amendments which he may desire to be made in such law." The command in chief of all the military and naval forces, is of course, vested in his Excellency, as the queen's representative.

The several "States," as such, are to be represented in a "Senate," composed of eight members from each State, "directly chosen by the Houses of Parliament of the several States for a term of six years.

The people of the commonwealth are to be represented by one member for every thirty thousand in a "House of Representatives," chosen every three years; electoral divisions to be determined by each colony for itself, and the qualification of the electors to be that in force, in each case with respect to the lower chambers of the States.

The general scope of the legislative powers of the commonwealth is defined in Part V., chap. ii., §52. This section resembles a similar provision as to subjects of legislation in the Canadian act. With this important difference, in the latter the power to legislate on the subjects specified is exclusive, while in this bill it is only concurrent with the powers of the several States to legislate, except as to one class of subjects, customs, duties, and excise, which are to be collected by the federal government entirely and at once, under the several tariffs existing, until a federal uniform tariff is adopted, when the customs laws of the several States and their power to enact such laws will cease. I may mention here that the commonwealth is to have, in addition to the exclusive power of tariff taxation, a concurrent power to levy taxes of every other description, but so that "all such taxation shall be uniform throughout the Common

wealth." Amongst the few exclusive powers asserted are included matters relating to departments to be taken over at once from the States — namely (ch. ii. 10), in addition to the customs and excise, posts and telegraphs, military and naval defence, ocean beacons and light-houses, and quarantine.

The executive government is vested in the governor-general, who is empowered to summon and dismiss at his pleasure officers who are "to administer such departments of state as the governor-general in council may establish," and such officers are to be members of the executive council which is to aid and advise him in the government. These officers are described as "Queen's Ministers of the State for the Commonwealth."

Under the head of "Finance and Trade," until uniform duties of customs are imposed, the surplus revenue, after defraying the federal expenditure, is to be returned to the several colonies in proportion to the amount raised in each, after deducting the expenditure referred to, on the basis of population. When the federal tariff is settled, the federal parliament may alter that arrangement. The present total customary revenue is about 8,500,000*l.* a year. The trade and intercourse of the several parts of the commonwealth will remain subject to the present barriers, or new laws of the same kind, until the uniform tariff is enacted, when that trade and intercourse will become absolutely free, the federal parliament having the power to annul any State law or regulation derogating therefrom.

The chapter on "Federal Judiciary" makes provision for a "Supreme Court of Australia," the judges to be appointed to hold office on good behavior; and the court to be the final court of appeal in all cases referred to it. There is also a provision that the federal parliament may by law compel all appeals to be so referred, with a proviso that in any case of a public nature the queen may grant an appeal to herself in council against any judgment of the supreme court.

The chapter headed "The States" begins with a declaration saving all their powers except those exclusively vested in the Commonwealth. On the other hand, it is laid down that when any State law is inconsistent with a federal law, the latter shall prevail. Although the colonies are to be allowed to remain under governors commissioned by her Majesty as before, it is nevertheless declared that all references and communications from the State

governors to the queen are to go through the governor-general, through whom also the provincial governors are to learn the royal pleasure. The existing boundaries of States may be altered, with the consent of the colonies affected; and there is a clause enabling a cession of territory for the purposes of federal government.

Under "New States" provision is made for the formation of new States in existing territorial divisions, with the like consent.

Under "Miscellaneous" the seat of government is left to the determination of the federal parliament, and the first parliament is to be summoned to meet at such place as may be selected by a majority of the State governors, or, in the event of an equal division, by the governor-general.

Finally, this constitution can be amended from time to time, but only with the approval, first, of an absolute majority of both Houses, and then of a majority of State conventions, representing also a majority of the whole people.

English readers, judging from the ease and rapidity of the preliminary stages, may look upon the Constitution as one within reach of early enactment. I venture to doubt it. Ministers have been more or less enthusiastic, but the federal movement is not the result of any popular agitation or interest. During the sittings of the Convention, the lack of public interest in this matter, even in the metropolis honored by the presence of the delegates, was simply astonishing. And now that the draft Constitution is before the public, three, if not four, of the five daily newspapers of Sydney have condemned it. The people of the mother colony, with three of the other colonies striving for her internal trade, have most to fear as she has most to lose by federal combination. It has become apparent that federal union will sound the death-knell of her free-trade policy, and add at least a million a year to her burdens, to be appropriated and distributed by others. Then the tone of the debates, and the terms of the Constitution in several vital points, have entirely failed to win popular approval. The delegates railed at "responsible government" to an astounding degree. One spoke of the powers of the proposed Senate as a useful "bit for the mouth of the people's representatives." Another claimed that the British House of Commons was a usurper and "a devouring monster," and that the phrase "responsible government" ought to be, and must be, abolished in Australia. The bulk of

the people of New South Wales and Victoria look upon responsible government as the corner-stone of the public liberties. I believe that the people of New South Wales will never accept a federal constitution less democratic in its character than the unwritten rule of their own practice which gives our legislative assembly the powers of the House of Commons over money bills. That must be in black and white in the new Constitution, probably, before they will accept it. But, on the other hand, Queensland, Tasmania, south Australia, and western Australia will have nothing less than the Convention compromise. Federation is so pressing a necessity to Victoria that she may take the draft Constitution if she can get nothing better. If I were asked to sum up in a few words, the features of the bill which will probably wreck it in the two larger colonies, almost certainly in New South Wales, I would describe them to be the following: (1) the vesting of the executive power of the commonwealth in the governor-general instead of the "governor-general with the advice of the executive council," a phrase which exactly defines the manner of exercising that power in the several colonies at present; (2) the power conferred on the governor-general of returning bills for amendment; (3) the power given to the Senate in dealing with money bills, especially taxation and appropriation bills, a power vastly greater in fact than in appearance; (4) the absence of any provision for terminating disputes between the two Houses; (5) the absence of any stipulation that ministers shall sit in Parliament, and be responsible to the House of Representatives; (6) the refusal to the electors of the States of the right to elect the senators, instead of the State Houses of Parliament, some of which have nominee chambers; and (7) the uncertainty as to the seat of government. In addition to these criticisms of the bill, I may add, there is a widespread fear of creating a new taxing and governing power which may be extravagant. The democratic leaders have already, if unfairly denounced the whole movement as designed to foster imperialism at the expense of the masses of the people. Those who require that the essentials of the federal compact should be set forth and safeguarded by express terms are on truer ground. We all know the momentous disputes in the United States over words, and the enormous part which the "elastic clause" in their Constitution has played in the government and taxation of the people. Sir Samuel

Griffiths has openly declared that all he claims as an advocate of State rights he can get under the "compromise;" and he has made no secret of his design in forming the Constitution to make it as easy to destroy as to uphold the principles of responsible government, without an amendment of the Constitution.

The vast progress of these colonies will not be seriously retarded by the failure for a time of the federal movement. The emulations and rivalries of the individual colonies have led to some evils, but, animating each, they have vastly stimulated the progress of all. Far removed from serious danger without, and safe from anarchy within, they are not called on, happily, to legislate in a panic. Extensive vistas of pioneer work still meet the eye on every side. There is ample virtue still in the movement which decentralized government in Australia. These colonies can exist separately with less inconvenience than any other group of communities. Each has a seaboard hundreds of miles long, and, excepting Victoria, the smallest is larger than England and France combined. There is not a single land boundary to defend against a foreign neighbor, and their chief ports, far from the central region of hostile demonstrations, can easily be made impregnable.

Whatever may be said of the advantages of union in the future, there can be no doubt of the progress of the colonies without it. Within this generation, the coast line of Australia—and a truly gigantic circle it is—back to its very heart has been brought within the reach of industrial enterprise. Systems of government which surpass in some respects those of the great nations have been extended over the face of the continent. All these triumphs of development have been achieved under separate government. Men gifted with high intelligence and soaring aspirations may be impatient for the dawn of greater things. In their eyes the prospect of a United Australia is invested with a grandeur beside which pioneer progress may seem mean. They can realize so vividly the importance, the strength, and dignity, that spring from national life. Ordinary men feel more at home in the present, when they have a fair share of comfort and happiness, than in visions of the future. They travel slowly towards ideals. When a ministerial or parliamentary grandee dilates upon schemes for a "commonwealth of Australia" taking an equal place in "the family of nations," and yearns for a flag, an army,

and a fleet, the average Australian taxpayer, who, in spite of his weakness for platform oratory has a wonderfully keen eye for his own interests, is apt to speculate as to the cost of all this greatness, and the fresh burdens he may have to bear in order to keep up appearances in such distinguished company.

The student of history, who knows of the freedom, the light taxes, the happy unconsciousness, of our present provincial State, and who knows how easily the greatest of all democratic confederations has degenerated into a vast organization of political "bossdom" and "party spoils," with enormous revenues drawn from the mass of the people to be squandered, may be forgiven if he face the grand and inevitable destiny of nationhood — of "one people and one destiny" — with some misgiving, and hope that, at least in these out-of-the-way southern seas, a great people may be formed, within whose borders there may be real freedom and good government, none being able to level at our new-born greatness the reproach that "our rich are becoming richer, and our poor poorer."

G. H. REID.

Sydney, 11th April, 1891.

From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE UNION OF THE AUSTRALIAS.

BY SIR HENRY PARKES, PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

It is my purpose in this article to present the Australian colonies as they rank to-day in the proposed federation. The coast line of the vast island of Australia comprises 8,850 miles, and it is divided among the five existing colonies in the following measurements: New South Wales, 680 miles; Victoria, 600 miles; South Australia, inclusive of the northern territory, 2,000 miles; Western Australia, 3,000 miles; and the fast-growing colony of Queensland, 2,550 miles. The island of Tasmania has to be added, making the six separate States of the proposed Australian Commonwealth. New Zealand has adopted as her policy "to watch and wait."

The population of the six Australian colonies, roundly stated, is 3,226,000 distributed as under:—

New South Wales . . .	1,140,100
Victoria . . .	1,133,846
Queensland . . .	426,796
South Australia . . .	332,700
West Australia . . .	46,940
Tasmania . . .	146,150

More than two-thirds of this population is in New South Wales and Victoria, with their joint frontage to the sea of 1,280 miles out of a coast line of 8,850, leaving 7,570 miles to the comparatively thinly peopled colonies. The area in square miles is—New South Wales, 310,700; Victoria, 87,884; Queensland, 668,494; South Australia, 903,690; western Australia, 1,060,000; Tasmania, 26,229. So it will be seen that western Australia occupies at present more than one-third of the whole territory, though her population is not a tenth part of the population of the city of Melbourne alone. The limited foresight, or blind calculation of those who determined this incongruous land apportionment has left the adjustment to the moulding eventualities of the future. Few things are more curious to the critical mind in after-times than the want of clear forecast or adequate estimate of probabilities in those who under arbitrary circumstances lay out cities or dictate the boundaries of States. Some day not distant mighty awakenings and pregnant commotions will change the face of many parts of Australia and alter the relative importance of some of the colonies. Multitudes of men will swarm where now all is Australian desert, and new Liverpools and Glasgows will appear to receive and speed on the commerce of the Pacific Ocean.

Here, then, are the separated peoples of British stock, inhabiting a rich and peaceful territory of vast extent, who have bravely engaged in the grandest of all human work—the founding of a great free nation. These peoples are, as I have shown, very diversely situated in the new world which their industrial enterprise and hardy perseverance have opened, and where they have brought into vigorous play all the agencies of civilization. A mere handful of men and women occupy one-third of the territory in one part, while half a million of souls are crowded into a great opulent city in another. But what is of more importance than their equal occupancy of the Australian soil is their consanguinity of character. In no part of the British dominions is there a population so thoroughly British. Though there are faint sprinklings of Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians; the elements of the coming nation contain no taint of foreign blood. The life-stream rapidly increasing in volume is as pure as that of England herself, and the majority of human beings who form it are even now born of the soil. The native-born Australians are more than double the total number of English, Scotch,

and Irish. The very conditions of life in Australia breed and foster independence of spirit and of mind. It may be said that there is no such thing as destitution in the land, and there is no school group of children to be found where there is not a school. Of course in the large Australian cities may be found that class of persons who congregate in large cities all over the world, and in none more so than in the great cities of America—the spendthrift, the unthrifty, and the incapable, mix up with the idle and the evilly disposed. But for the industrious man who knows how to work out his own self-help the earth has no finer field than Australia. I have just witnessed the funeral of a well-known and beloved public man, whose name has been before the public for the last generation, and the streets of Sydney were lined by dense crowds, but there was not a ragged man, or woman, or child, in the immense multitudes. Not only the aspirations for national life, but the material conditions of nationhood are here.

The idea of Australian union is not in any sense new among the more thoughtful men who, at different periods, have taken part in Australian affairs. In early times, when New South Wales was the one principal colony, with its unwieldy control of territory, from the boundary of South Australia on the Southern Pacific to Cape York, there was no field even for the idea to germinate. The first urgent need, indeed, was separation and the establishment of new centres of domestic government. With no communication by railway or the electric wire and with scarcely a steam vessel on the sea, the difficulty of governing Port Curtis or the settlements on Hobson's Bay from the public offices in Sydney was felt on all hands to be unendurable. Hence the birth and rapid rise of Victoria and Queensland. But no sooner had the marvellous growth of the new colonies been demonstrated than the federal want began to assert itself. More than a quarter of a century ago, two men of cultivated intellect and great power, amongst many others, Mr. William Charles Wentworth in New South Wales, and Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy in Victoria, put forth strong arguments in favor of creating a federal authority. As years passed by, others, by tongue and pen, carried on the slowly shaping movement for a national government; and an actual though not very distinct federal literature came into existence. The public documents and the articles and correspondence on the subject which have appeared in

Australian magazines and newspapers would fill many volumes if they were all collected.

Still, it must be admitted that the federal idea has not crystallized into clear form in many minds. The question is too large and weighty for the feeble grasp of the average politician. The mind that has been enervated by struggling after the publicans' vote, or has fatigued itself by its efforts to obtain a new watch-house for a bush village, finds it hard to comprehend the advantages to be derived from the federal direction of Australian interests or the value of an Australian judiciary, and, without suspecting what it is doing, it falls into the narrowest ruts of provincialism. This has been exemplified by one or two public meetings of anti-federationists held in Sydney, where our fellow-countrymen in the other colonies were treated as foreigners, and the most reckless misstatements and vituperations were made to do duty for argument, the whole burden of the song being New South Wales against the universe.

But the federal cause goes steadily on, and taking into account its newness and its vastness, the march onward is surprising to its friends. I, for one, have from the first looked forward to difficulty, delay, and perhaps temporary defeat. But the cause itself will derive new strength from every obstacle in its way, and will recover with a more elastic bound from every repulse. The best men of all parties are awakening to the cause of federation as the cause of human progress in Australia. Its complete triumph will come, and the new order of things will be firmly rooted, long before the close of the century.

The Convention which sat in Sydney in March and April to frame a National Constitution consisted of men than whom there are none abler or more trusted in all Australia. The prime ministers of all the six Australian colonies were in the gathering, and besides these, the principal present rulers, there were seven or eight other men, nearly all in fact who have held the highest post in past administrations. In the colonies, as in England, the place of leader of a government is not reached, as a rule, without the proof of the possession of good capacities. The other delegates were for the most part men of Australian distinction, including several who have held with credit the office of attorney-general, and other younger men of great promise. The conduct of the business of the Convention, it was generally admitted, was marked by much dignity



as well as ability. The delegates calmly addressed themselves to their great novel task, conscious of the high mandate they had received from their respective Parliaments, and with a visible anxiety to discharge their consciences righteously of their responsibility. The Constitution for a federal government which emerged from their labors is before the colonies and before the empire. It is evolved from an enlightened desire and effort to implant the principles of the British Constitution in a democratic federation of separate States — no easy achievement, but, it is hoped, not an impossible one.

The Constitution framed by the Convention is now as well known to the world of thought and inquiry in Europe as it is to Australia. It contemplates throughout a loyal union with the empire, and the sublime and entrancing idea of a future world-wide confederation of the English-speaking race must have influenced at progressive stages the minds of its framers. It provides for a Federal Parliament, consisting of a House of Representatives, based upon the widest popular suffrage, and modelled on the type of the existing House of Commons; and a Senate modelled from the representative character of the illustrious Senate of the United States, without its executive functions. All through the principle of responsible government is preserved and skilfully adapted to the inherent conditions of a federation. It calls into existence an executive of the English pattern — a representative of the crown acting politically with the advice of responsible ministers; and it makes adequate provision for the exercise of the popular will in both Houses of Parliament by a frequent reference to the electors of the country. It creates an Australian judiciary which, besides conducting the ordinary judicial business of the Commonwealth, would enable appeals from the Supreme Courts of the several States to be made with the legal assistance of professional men familiar with the laws, usages, and conditions of the country. It is not disfigured by any attempted restraint upon the free spirit of a free people. The popular voice would readily make itself heard in the inmost recesses of the edifice which it proposes to build.

It is natural — while human nature, especially political human nature, remains what it is — that the announcement of this Constitution should awaken opponents and even enemies. To begin with the little crowd of parochial aspirants, who see

themselves excluded from the larger arena of federal politics, what else could be expected? They must buzz about some object which has the qualities of being both nutritive and reachable; and their delight is in hearing their own buzz. There is that rather numerous class of pessimists who count all things apart from themselves for the worse. With them a new constellation would be out of place or out of season. There are the well-meaning who cannot see beyond the things to which their dull senses have been accustomed; and the respectable who see all change in the light of how it may affect their own interests. There are the rank and file of politicians without principle, who are ever seeking to turn occurrences to their own account, and who delight in mischief with the unavowed calculations that some advantage to themselves may flow out of it. There is the class, which I am afraid exists everywhere, who decide all questions by their personal dislikes or prejudices. There are the honest provincialists who thoroughly believe that the colony where they have themselves fared well will do best by standing aloof from the other colonies. They say with a simple-minded stupidity that what has been good enough for them is good enough for others. These various hostile bands are augmented by those who swell all noisy crowds in a large city, and who are always prepared to cheer any wild and vituperative language. But all these elements of perversity and trouble will throw up no real barrier to the march of federation. Other forces will decide for the coming nation, and their discordant voice will be hardly heard. Already the question of questions is raised above the turgid heat of parties, and in the first Parliamentary divisions protectionists will sit side by side with free-traders in the memorable vote for Australian union.

To-morrow, May 19, his Excellency Lord Jersey will open the Parliament of New South Wales, and in his opening speech he will announce that it will be a distinct part of the policy of his advisers to submit the draft constitution for approval, reserving to Parliament the right to propose omissions or amendments, to be set forth by the proposer in each case in a separate schedule, such suggested alterations to be afterwards considered, if deemed advisable, by another Convention similarly constituted to that of March, and in like manner representing all the colonies. I have reason to believe that a similar resolution will be submitted to the



Parliaments of the other colonies. Before this article can be published, some of the steps indicated will have been taken, I venture to say, with successful results. We look to the best men in all the Parliaments, to the men of "light and leading," for support of the federal cause, and not a single federalist doubts of its triumph. Supposing the approval of the existing Parliament to be obtained, the final issue has yet to be remitted to the judgment of the constituencies, but the winnowing process of discussion will carry with it the growth of a sound public opinion among the electors, and there is no just ground to fear an adverse verdict at the ballot-box. The principles of human progress are the very principles on which the federal cause rests—that union is better than disunion, that unrestricted is better than restricted capacity, that wholeness is better than dismemberment, that citizenship of all Australia is better than citizenship of one corner of it. It means the full enfranchisement of the Australian people, and their union on the higher level of national life.

The objections to the federal movement, so far as they have yet been stated, will disappear under the searching light of honest debate. They cannot stand examination. The forum, the library, the fireside will send forth men to render the service of exposition and defence, and the army of patriots will be largely recruited from the ranks of the young. The friends of union will get surer footing day by day on the solid rock; the advocates of disunion will day by day feel the sand shifting from under their feet. It is inevitable that the great cause must steadily gain by public discussion.

The advance has been so great since I sounded the first note in the present movement, in my circular despatch of October 30, 1889—only eighteen months ago—that the complete achievement of federal government within a corresponding period of the future would not be so amazing. The Parliaments of the larger colonies, now in recess, will all reassemble within a few weeks, and in all immediate steps will be adopted to confirm the work of the Convention. An appeal to the people on the question, in one form or other, will follow in each colony. If three colonies of the group accept the draft Constitution as it stands, they can at once apply to the imperial government for the introduction of a bill to enact the measure calling into existence the government of the Australian Commonwealth. This renders the birth

of the new nation possible, and by no means improbable, before the close of 1892. It may of course be that another Convention will have to be elected, to consider amendments, and it is possible, but not at all likely, that the imperial Parliament may raise some difficulty. In either case, or in both cases, delay must ensue, but not a long delay. If any obstacle should arise of an unreasonable character, it will only strengthen and give vigor and intensity to the public feeling. In all human probability the great consummation cannot be held back by any untoward course of events beyond the year 1893. By that time the population will be largely increased, and all the interests which demand a federal field of operation will be much stronger. The Churches even now have awakened to the advantages to Church government and discipline, and to the organization of spiritual effort, which would come by federation. The primate of the Church of England, the cardinal of the Church of Rome, the heads of most of the Nonconformist Churches, I am assured, are fervent federationists. The far-seeing men engaged in commerce are federationists. The men of enterprise of all classes are federationists. The men who have chosen as their calling the pursuit of literature, more especially those conducting the higher class of newspapers, are federationists. In two years more the whole Australian population will be welded into one enthusiastic body of federationists.

I have scarcely touched upon the reasons for federation. They are suggested by the recital of powers proposed to be given to the federal government by the draft Constitution. The time seems to be gone for arguing the case, and the season seems to have come for practically dealing with those arrayed in opposition. As I have said, all that is wanted in dealing with them is light, and more light. Thus, then, there must be agitation, and there must be conflict. But the triumph is nigh at hand. As sure as night ushers in the morning, there will arise among the nations of the earth the fair Australian Commonwealth.

Of course, in the commotions which have been stimulated by the diverging views put forth during the course of the present movement, we have heard the screams of a hybrid socialism and the parrot cries of a flaccid order of so-called republicans. Men, who really have faith in nothing, profess to believe in the necessity for some organic change in the free

government which shelters their useless lives. But the dominant feeling of the Australian populations is soundly loyal to the Liberal institutions and the noble mission of the empire. It is difficult for any thoughtful mind to discover what higher place could be found for the new Commonwealth than the impregnable rock on which the parent nation has so long stood amidst the convulsions around her. Men cannot be more than free and equal in their political relations, and in Australia all are free and equal under the English crown. Without cause for separation, it is hardly within the range of probability that the young nation would separate at the bidding of the most worthless part of her population. She will be true to the builders, and set her face against the destroyers. Her national pride will be to emulate the example of the august mother of many nations, and to rival them all. That fine moral conservatism which is strongest in the captains of industry who have risen from the ranks of the poor will bind together as an imperishable cement the new temple. United Australia will not arise to be moulded by the sinister designs of the worst, but to take form from the pure aspirations and the passionate, protecting love of her noblest sons.

The vast and rapidly expanding volume of Australian commerce, the great material interests springing from her boundless mineral wealth and her various wide pursuits on the soil, would make the young Commonwealth a colossal power if she stood alone; but her grander place is in the mighty family of incorporated free States, which is destined to give the most perfect fabric of government to mankind. Under the new conditions of union all her capacities will develop with a firmer fibre and an increased rapidity. The twentieth century will see Australia in possession of a plenitude of authority and happiness of which the poet has never dreamed.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN IN A DESERTED CHALET.

IT was a beautiful day. A grey mist curled up from the lake and clung to the dark ravines of the mountains. As the sun grew warmer, a gentle breeze fanned the still water, and the mists rolled up to the mountain-tops. A few lazy patches lingered behind, lost in the deep gorges of

the hills, where, blindly rubbing against the dark pines, they gradually melted before the midday heat, as luckless jelly-fish stranded on a sandy beach slowly evaporate under the fierce sun.

The steamer was crowded with tourists, — girl-schools, spectacled Germans, smart young Frenchmen, the usual sprinkling of English, the inevitable curate or country rector, two friars, and one Swiss *pasteur*. This latter was a curious fossil. He was short, wizened, and decrepit. He wore a tall hat on the back of his head like the hatter in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland;" his coat was long, his waistcoat low, and his necktie meagre and not clean. It was difficult to look at him and then at the friars without thinking of history. I never can see a friar, with his corded frock, sandalled feet, and bare head, without seeming to see romantic pictures of the past. All other costumes change. If I were intimately acquainted with the cut of the friar's dress in past ages, perhaps I should notice slight differences; but in the main the clothes they wore when the monks tore Hypatia to pieces, when Peter the Hermit preached, when Bernard and Abelard ruled their monasteries, when Chaucer wrote, when the fires of Smithfield blazed, and the Inquisition terrified, are much the same clothes they wear now. The color may be different; but black, brown, or grey, a friar centuries ago would be a friar now.

They are no anachronism but a reality. I could not help being struck at the contrast they afforded, those men apart, with their bleared eyes, sensual lips, dirty beards, as they came on board amid a crowd of simple schoolgirls and startled English matrons. Living assertors of eighteen centuries of celibacy, they moved about amid that ship-load of nineteenth-century frivolity. Their power was gone, but their picturesqueness remained.

And that insignificant, comic little figure was the representative of the power that had supplanted them. How well he seemed to typify the dry syllogisms of that dreary controversy of predestination and free-will! Could any spark of poetic fire come from so wizened and matter-of-fact a being? Vates and Sacerdos are near akin, and those poetic souls who like mystery in their religion will always prefer a priesthood whose garb is poetic. And those who think a religion cannot be typified by a garb will prefer the dull prose of common dress.

At the end of the lake I left the steamer. I intended to walk over the mountains by

a little path marked in the Swiss Ordnance Survey, and which would lead me across the frontier into Savoy. The girl-school landed also. It is curious the way mothers dress their fair daughters abroad. Many of these girls were undoubtedly English. Fortunately they disguised the fact very well.

What shapeless frocks, what marvellous colors, these nymphs were clothed in! Were there girl-schools at Lausanne, I wonder, when Byron moped away his time at Meillerie opposite; and did he write that "they always smelt of bread and butter"—the fair, innocent ones!—in bitter disappointment because they offered no other attractions? However, in spite of their chaotic clothes, these simple maidens seemed to enjoy themselves. They trooped up the road, under the chestnut and walnut trees, and laughed and chattered, and picked flowers, and ate biscuits and sandwiches, as healthy, wholesome girls should. There were two girls who were really pretty, and with a flush of pride I was glad to recognize they were English. And not only were they pretty, but they were well dressed; and, if the dress be an index of the mind, then these young ladies were indeed perfect; but perhaps their mother dressed them. However, I soon left these fair sirens behind, and, like the hero of "Excelsior," I steel'd my heart against all softer feelings. I don't know how it would have been, however, had these young ladies gone so far as the strange young person in that incoherent poem. They didn't. Instead of any tender invitation, expressed verbally or ocularly, they only ate wild strawberries, and made remarks *sotto voce*, which, as laughter was the result, caused me, with that self-consciousness of a true Briton, to feel a twitching in the back as I walked on.

It was hot. The mountain road wound up and up. No breath of air seemed able to penetrate those thick chestnut woods. The grass under the trees was a perfect carpet of wild loveliness. Flowers of every kind grew thick all round—the stately mountain-lily, bluebells, and yellow cowslips. Red, white, purple, and blue; yellow, green, mauve, and carmine; all the colors and blendings possible were spread everywhere. Delicate, dainty, mossy lawns, where the grass had just been cut, alternated with the rich wealth of unkempt pasture. The sunlight fell in brilliant patches across the twisting chestnut boles, and on the cut and uncut grass. Bees hummed and flies persecuted, and all the

while I trudged over ruthless stones upward and ever upward. It *was* hot!

I could hear down below the merry laughter of the girls. A church clock struck the hour, and the thud, thud, thud of a distant steamer palpitated on the drowsy silence. The air quivered in the heat, a grey-green gloom shimmered under the fantastic chestnut-trees, velvety moss spread temptingly over shady banks. What a home for fairies! I sat down.

But it would never do to waste time in dull sloth. I had many miles to go, and some fairly stiff climbing before me. There were awkward precipices to be faced, and Swiss weather is never certain.

Up and up I trudged. The stony road had changed to a still more stony path. The chestnut-trees had given place to brushwood, where the hornbeam and mountain ash reigned instead of the chestnut and walnut; a gentle breeze stirred the ferns, and the grey, weather-worn sides of a few snow-streaked peaks rose above the foliage. How scarred and furrowed those solemn rocks looked! Snow still lay in the crevices, and little silver streaks trickled down their rugged faces. My object was to find the path which led up over these cliffs, across the neck which united them into the highest point, and so down into a deep valley where France and Switzerland joined hands across a foaming torrent.

I had been warned the path was dangerous. Only a week ago a hapless professor from Vevey had fallen over a precipice and been killed. His body was brought over the day before I started. He was actually in the right path, and his death had been the result of a slip. A mountaineer whom I met told me it was because he wore Oxford shoes, and had no nails in them. I thanked Providence I had a heavy pair of stout boots, and, what appeared to me as I walked, a ton of nails in the soles.

Up and up I clambered. The stony path had changed to a vague rut in the close herbage. The brushwood had yielded to a few straggling bushes, with here and there a clump of fir. Their sombre foliage and fragrant odor invited me to rest. The dry red cones lay all about under the solemn shade. No sound reached me now. The breeze fitfully whispered among the pine-plumes, but the stately trees disdained to break the brooding stillness. Far, far down below lay the blue lake. The basement of the peak whereon I sat was entirely hidden. The flowers and

lower pine-trees seemed to spring at once from the small blue patch below. On the other side rose tier upon tier of jagged rocks. Range on range of precipitous peaks tossed themselves aloft, while above all, against the blue sky, soared the white billows of the Oberland of Berne, where the everlasting snows piled themselves along the horizon. How strange the contrast seems from the busy every-day life of that blue lake, with its fashionable hotels, tennis-lawns, and artificial society, to the unknown solitude of that arctic region! In that white mystery before me, so near and yet so far, lay spots as untrodden by man as any solitudes in Spitzbergen or Enderby land. There is no spot in the world which brings into such striking proximity the primeval and the ephemeral as Switzerland.

Up and up I trudged. It was no longer sultry. The sun scorched, but the air was keen. I had passed all shade, except where the precipitous cliff flung its cool shadow over the deep ravine. The track was becoming difficult to find. I was climbing a steep slope of coarse grass littered with huge boulders. The path had dwindled to countless holes made by the hoofs of the goats who alone could browse up here. It was impossible to find any real track.

And now my difficulties began. I was a novice in Alpine climbing. Counting on being what is usually called a good cragsman where crags are not frequent, I had anticipated little difficulty in surmounting the rugged cliffs which towered up opposite Montreux. I knew the snow would present obstacles which might be very dangerous; but I calculated that a cliff in Switzerland must be very like a cliff in England. There was little or no snow here. There were only cliffs. But when I looked at them I could not help thinking, "But what cliffs!"

The track I had been doubtfully following led to the very base of an overhanging precipice, and there ended. I looked up at the grey height above me. Sheer walls of rock looked down at me. There was a sinister expression about the sharp lines which furrowed the face of the cliff. They went zigzag down the surface like the grim sneer on the face of some coldly sarcastic man. The silent gloom of the overshadowing rock chilled me. A little jet of water spouted over a black ledge above, and splashed into an old patch of snow below — so dirty and stone-covered a patch that at first I took it only for the brown soil of the mountain. It was tough and hard to

tread on. I could hardly realize such a substance could melt.

Clearly I had missed the path. Not even a goat could climb up there. However, climbing had to be done; it was getting late in the afternoon, and I had yet far to go. Without wasting time in going back to look for the path, I determined to get up this wall somehow. To my left was a dark gully, black and forbidding. I instinctively felt I could never get up that. To my right a few pines grew, stunted and wind-torn, and above them was a ledge which I felt I might reach. After a difficult climb, and several narrow slips, I reached the ledge. How magnificent was the view! But I felt if I looked long I should grow giddy. I could no longer see any grass slope below. Not even the top of the last pine-tree was visible, although only a few feet beneath. There seemed nothing between me and that small blue patch, some five thousand feet below. I turned to look at the wall behind.

It was not encouraging. By clinging to my ledge I hoped I might reach a rift in the rock which seemed to present an easier foothold, as seen from below. But I could not disguise from myself the difficulty of the attempt. I had begun to realize that what looks only a little way *up*, seems a horrible distance *down*. It was no longer warm. The sun was behind the towering precipice overhead. Its rich light flooded the downward slope of a grass patch to the right. There must be a gully there, down which the light can penetrate. The keen mountain air against the cold face of this never-warmed rock chilled me. That rock had never seen the sun. I buttoned up my coat, and altered my course for the gully.

After great exertions, I managed to reach a fairly easy place. The narrow escapes I had gone through caused me to appreciate the change from the position of a fly when clinging to the ceiling to the less sustained effort of resting on a ledge of the cornice. At last I could sit down.

There was the same view before me. A few more peaks of the Bernese Oberland rose up. The blue lake looked smaller and farther down. That was all. I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock. I must get on. I had taken an hour in climbing about two hundred feet. This would never do. After a little refreshment I buckled to my work. The gully was reached, the course became less hazardous, although rather more fatiguing. At last I was within sight of the top. A few more scrapings, a little more back-

wrenching, knee-twisting struggles, and I should be there. I endured them all, and — I was not there! I was on my ledge again, and very nearly in another world. My foot had slipped, as I tried for the thousandth time to bump my mouth with my knees, and, to the great destruction of my garments, I alighted on my feet and the ledge at the same moment. What anguish I suffered! I had come down in a second as many feet as it had taken me minutes to get up. But time is no measure of such effort. And then my garments! Luckily, at the rate I was progressing, it would be midnight before I reached the haunts of men. But what distressed me most was that I had broken my flask and dropped my match-box. After a little rest I set to work again, and this time I succeeded — that is, I climbed to within twenty feet of the top, and there found a perpendicular wall of sheer rock, utterly impossible to get up. I have since admired Alpine climbers much more. I thought they overrated themselves before; now I don't think they can estimate themselves enough. I am an Alpine climber.

And so I had to come down half-way again. I did this less rapidly than before, but with more comfort. I began to realize that speed is not everything among the Alps. I was much too hurried before. But it was getting late. The shadows behind were growing longer, even a purple shade seemed to have reached the blue lake below. And, worst of all, a mist was creeping over the top of the cliff. Vague shreds, as if of cotton-wool, were spreading overhead. I should be in a cheerful position if a thick fog came on. I couldn't go down, I knew. It had taken me all I was capable of to get along that ledge when going up. It would be death to attempt it going down. A way must be found past that twenty feet of cliff between me and dinner.

By warily hooking on to slight roughnesses in the sides of the gully, I managed to work my way so far to the right that I could see round the edge. There was a ledge beyond, which seemed to extend up to the top. Could I reach it? It was very ticklish work, but, thanks to my nails — I mean on my boots — I managed it. In another quarter of an hour I was a victor. I had gained the summit, but I was utterly ignorant of where I was. Almost at the same moment that I set foot on the edge of the cliff, drops of rain began to fall, and in an instant, as it were, I was in a shroud of mist.

"This is what I expected," I said; "it

won't last long. I've observed these fogs seldom do. Only I must be careful how I go." And so I warily stepped out into the unknown. Somehow I felt like a sort of Jack who had climbed his beanstalk and was setting out for the ogre's castle. Presently I observed I was going down hill. The descent became steeper. Once I nearly slipped. This would not do. I could see nothing ahead of me, and I knew that steep grass slopes like this often end in terrible precipices. I must be careful. I stopped and picked up a stone — a large one. I let it roll gently out of my hand. It bounded away in an instant. I heard one bump not far off, then absolute silence. This looked awkward. I hardly dared to move. It seemed little use going back; to go forward was very like walking to certain death. It was better to stand still, and hope for the mist to lift.

After sitting shivering in the cold air, wet to the skin, for about half an hour, a yellow gleam rent the veil before me, and, almost like magic, a wonderful picture appeared. So dazzling was the sudden change that I could not look at it at first. When I could bear the light I saw that I had done well to stop. Far down below me were a few dots on a green patch. These were chalets; beyond wound a silver streak. Opposite rose a towering wall of rock, clothed half-way up with trees, mostly fir, and then ending in precipitous, jagged cliffs. Through a gap in this wall a gleam of gold stretched far away. A grey line separated it from the sun, whose level rays were streaming over the saw-like edge of the cliffs before me, and lighting up the roof of purple mist which floated overhead. Far down on the right, the blue lake seemed to girdle a collection of boxes. This was a town on the edge of the water. The sense of height, of space, of distance, was so great, I seemed to be sitting in the car of a balloon, and looking down on the world below. Beautiful as it was, I could not help feeling giddy as I peered into the dim depths beneath, and thought how much safer the car of a balloon was than the slippery slope of that dizzy height. The clouds still clung to the mountain behind, but I saw enough to tell me I must go a little way back.

The sickly light of the sunset, dazzling as it was, did not forebode a dry evening. I was already shivering with cold; how should I manage if I had to pass the night on this bleak peak? The snow lay in broad patches around, and the chill evening air cut through my tattered clothes. I hastened to find a way down. After walk-



ing across a pretty level patch of scrub, a steep slope fell away before me. Cautiously going down this, I had almost reached the edge, where it seemed I might find foothold down the cliff, when the sunlight disappeared, and like a pall the mist closed in again.

But I could not stop now; I was too cold, and it was getting dark. I could see the face of the precipice, and a little ledge seemed to give hopes of a footing. The descent was not so sheer as had been that of the cliff up which I had climbed. For some little distance I managed famously, when suddenly I missed my footing and — well, I don't know what happened for the following hour or so. The next thing I can remember is that I was lying on my side, very cold and wet, and rather stiff. My head seemed aching a good deal, and I could not make out where I was. I turned over and sat up. It was quite dark. Gradually recollection came back, and I cautiously tried to get up. As I succeeded, I felt tolerably certain no bones were broken; but my head felt strange. I sat down again to collect my thoughts. I seemed to have fallen on a grassy patch. As I sat, a church bell, far below, sounded. I counted the strokes. It was ten o'clock. How bitterly cold it was! The mist had cleared away and the stars were shining. All was absolutely still. A black object loomed up before me, on either side was grey obscurity. The shape of the thing looked like a house. What luck! I should now get some milk and be put on the right road. "What a fortunate tumble!" I thought; "I should never have hit upon this had I not come down that short cut."

I got up. I felt very dizzy. Everything I had on was dripping wet. Never mind. With a fire such as is always quickly kindled in a chalet, and with hot milk, I should soon be warm again. With much caution I groped my way through the long grass, avoiding the stones which lay all about as well as I could. I had hardly taken three steps, when to my further relief I noticed the chalet was lighted up. A pale light streamed out from some opening on the side away from me. All doubt was at an end now. I stepped through the long, wet grass more confidently. In a few minutes I had reached the angle of the wall. I noticed that the ground dropped directly from the edge of the further side of the building. It behoved me to be very careful. I had no wish for another descent. The light still threw its pale beam across the darkness. In another moment I stood before a black patch

in the grey mass in front. The light had disappeared. I thought it odd; but concluded that, alarmed by the steps of some unknown person, the occupant had concealed the light. I took the dark patch before me for a door. I tapped at it with my stick; but it touched nothing. The door must be open. I called out. No answer. There was absolute silence, as there had been since the church clock boomed far down below in the valley. Not a sound in that quiet ledge, surrounded by precipices above and below, broke the utter stillness of the solemn gloom.

"They are very cautious," I thought. "I had better be on my guard, too." Thoughts of coiners of base money, *contrebandidiers*, thieves, passed across my mind. But, after all, was I sure it was a chalet? It was not very dark, but the light of the stars cast only a shimmering pallor over the grey, vague mass before me. I could distinguish a long, low wall. Two openings in it, the dark patch before me, and one to my right. Above, a low-pitched roof spread in one gable from end to end of the building. A rank smell seemed to come from the place, and the whole effect was to produce a sense of absolute desertion and solitude. I was so cold, however, and so sure of having seen a light, that I determined to enter. The door was open, or rather, as I afterwards found, there was no door. The rank smell was more pungent as I passed over the threshold, leaving the starlight and the sweet cold air of night behind me. All was utter, absolute silence. I paused, after taking a few steps in. I could just make out, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, that there were some stalls for cattle, and as I turned I thought I saw a dark figure behind me; but I found it was only an upright post which came between me and an opening in the wall on the other side. There was a creepy dampness about the place which caused me to shiver. It was ghostly enough by itself. But the light which had been extinguished as I actually stood before the open door added a curious mystery to the place.

As I stood shivering and irresolute, peering into the darkness, a cold breath passed over my face, and something touched me. I twitched involuntarily, and uttered a startled exclamation. A low, muffled voice seemed to repeat my voice in a mocking tone three times, fainter and fainter each time.

"It was a bat," I said aloud; "and there is an echo here."



A hollow parody of the sounds of my voice came back three times. There was clearly an echo here.

But no echo could cause a light. Noises and even touches could be accounted for by animals; but I never heard of any animal, except a human being, which could light a candle and put it out on the approach of strangers. There are glow-worms, fire-flies, phosphorescent eels, and suchlike. But even ten million glow-worms, all doing their best, and collected in a mass, could hardly have produced the light I saw. Eels don't live in the mountains, and fireflies I did not think frequented Switzerland. I felt I must at least be philosophical, or I should give way to the effects of the tumble, the wet, the cold, and the hunger, which was beginning to make itself felt.

"Is there any one here?" I called out in French; and "*mon malheureux accent*" was never more forcibly brought home to me, as I had to listen to that detestable echo while it repeated the words three times.

Disgusted at getting no other answer, and irritated at the mocking sound, I groped further into the darkness. My foot kicked against a bundle. I put down my hand; it felt like a loose sack. I kicked it again to see if it were hard. Something cracked inside. "It's full of dry twigs no doubt. If only I had a match to make a fire!" But as I hadn't, I sat down on the bundle, for I was tired and disheartened. It was very empty that bundle, and the twigs were very hard and brittle, and sharp. They cracked and broke inside, and gave way under my weight. I got up again, more disgusted than ever. How very nasty the place was! The reek of the pungent dampness rose fouler on the chilly air. I stepped over the bundle, and in doing so bumped my head against a beam. The touch was very light, but the pain was considerable, and I felt something warm trickle down my cheek. I put up my hand. It seemed sticky and wet. I must have cut my head. I did not know till the next morning that I received a severe scalp-wound in my fall, and that the slight knock of the beam had caused the wound to bleed afresh. It is curious how the consciousness that you are bleeding affects the nerves. I must have lost a great deal of blood before; but as I was quite ignorant of it, I merely put down my weariness to fatigue, and thought little of it. Now I felt alarmed. I leant against the side of the stall, and tied my head up with my handkerchief.

Hurt and tired as I was, I resolved to spend the rest of the night in that chalet. The floor seemed dry and littered with fir-twigs. I scraped a few together, put them against the stall, and sat down. As I did so my boot kicked against the bundle. Something rattled inside. The foul atmosphere seemed to grow clammy; but I was too weary to pay attention to this. In a few minutes I should have been asleep.

I was leaning with my back against the stall, one hand was in my coat-pocket, the other lay beside me. I had sprinkled a few twigs over me, in the idea of getting some warmth out of them. Whether they really did produce any heat I don't know; anyhow I felt as if I were covered up a little, and was just nodding off to sleep when something cold grasped my hand—something which held it tight as if with a hand of ice. A thrill of horror shot all through me, and in an instant I was wide awake. What was it? There was no sound. Could it be a snake? I shuddered with terror. Involuntarily I put out my other hand and felt cautiously all round. There was nothing there! But my hand was held. Was it paralysis? was it numbness from the cold and injuries I had received? I should have thought so, and should think so now, only for a strange circumstance. A low, unearthly, far-away laugh—a laugh so full of blood-curdling, heartless, cruel, mocking devilry, such as I never heard before, and I hope never to hear again—broke the dead silence. At the same time a shadow seemed to pass between me and the pale light which marked the other window. As I had not moved this time, it could not be a post. Somebody must have come in, or more likely have been concealed in the chalet all the time. It was a horrible position. I had no weapon with me, and the utter silence with which my hand had been seized—it was my right—as well as the nature of the laugh, assured me I had to do with no friendly people. I tried to move my hand. I could not stir it. What strength the other must be possessed of! But what was the other? How could I be held without feeling the means by which I was held? Could my hand be paralyzed by an electric shock? I could think of no other power, so sudden, powerful, and intangible, as well as noiseless. Such an agency as the supernatural does not readily occur to an every-day, practical mind. I had always felt that what is called supernatural is only another name for the unknown in science. Here was the un-

known. Possibly the phenomenon might presently be classed with the supernatural. But it was anything but pleasant. The silence was horribly oppressive. When I moved the twigs crackled. Even the old stall against which I was leaning creaked as I breathed. But these others could move about, and actually grasp my hand without making a sound.

As I gazed fixedly into the darkness, it seemed as if the place became lighted with a pale, indefinite sickly light. The door and the window, which had been before the only lighter patches in the darkness, now became dark. I could see the old, tumble-down walls, the grey beams over my head with fir-twigs and wisps of hay hanging down between, the worm-eaten and rickety stalls, and in a far corner a huge tub. At my feet was the sack I had stumbled over, and a dark pool of stagnant water close beside it. Why did I see all this? There was no light visible. I mean there was no means to produce this light. The pale, luminous atmosphere was of equal tone nearly everywhere in that tumble-down, ruinous, old chalet, except that over the sack it seemed a little more brilliant. The sack appeared to give out the light, so to speak, for it had no shadow round it; only its dull, dirty brown seemed to be set in a pale, phosphorescent glow, like a huge glow-worm.

Surely I was not imagining all this? I had never seen the chalet before, how could I picture its interior so minutely? One chalet is much like another it is true, and I had kicked against the sack. But I could not have imagined that great tub in the corner. No chalet I had ever seen had that. Why should my imagination have suggested that? There it was, and I must be conscious.

The strange thing was, that the light, instead of cheering me, made me feel more creepy. I could see everything now. Nothing seemed to conceal anything. All objects were clearly, though faintly distinct. There were no deep shadows, as there would have been had the light emanated from a candle or a lamp. Everything seemed permeated, so to say, and luminous. But what a ghastly luminosity it was! It was pale-blue in tone, and sickly. What produced it? I looked at the sack. It fascinated me with a horrible curiosity. I noticed its shape. I remembered how hollow it was, and how the twigs had cracked and broken inside. I remembered how they had clattered as I kicked it. There was a smooth, round knob or projection in the coarse cloth

close to my hand; three long twigs seemed to be lying almost across it. I looked down closer. Were they twigs? They were long and brown and curiously knotted. The old rag covered the rest.

I looked closer still; horror of horrors! they were the emaciated fingers of what was almost a skeleton! As I sprang up in disgust, my foot kicked once more against the sack. The old, worn-out rags gave way, and a ghastly skull fell through the rent.

Was it all a horrible dream? The result of my fall? Who knows? All I know is, I felt sure I was awake, that it was no delirium. With the sudden realization of the horror, my hand had recovered its natural force. I started up, and would have rushed from the hut.

"Good heavens! what is that?" I gasped, as instead of stepping forward, I shrank back in greater horror. A figure was entering the hut. A wizened, decrepit figure, staggering under a heavy load. It made no sound as it came in. I could not see its face. The load on its back seemed to be alive. It stirred and writhed as it lay across the shoulders of its bearer. The figure came close to me. As it stepped over the sack, the same horrible, blood-curdling, cruel, low laugh or chuckle grated on the silence. It paused and looked up. Can any words describe that face, the expression, I wonder? Malignant, gratified hate, the cruel smile of a dangerous lunatic, cunning and diabolical; the ferocity of a brutal murderer, were all in that awful face. The face of a man long dead, grinning, dry, black, and repulsive, like the mummies in the *morgue* of the Hospice of St. Bernard.

The figure passed on. It went towards the huge tub in the corner. The burden still convulsively writhed at intervals. I now noticed, for the first time, that a vapor seemed to curl up and float over the great caldron. The figure, with its still feebly moving burden, had reached the corner. Silently it came up to the tub. The burden twitched convulsively. There was a heave. The vapor seemed suddenly agitated, and the figure remained alone, intently, watching the interior of the tub. The vibrating of the huge vessel and the twisting vapor told of some frightful contortions within. But all was silent as the grave. I could stand it no longer. I rushed to the door.

The cool air of the mountain could not revive me. I was shivering from head to foot. Icy cold and hot by turns, I knew I

must have caught a feverish attack. But how could I face that horrible hut? Was I really dreaming? A sound broke the solemn silence. The church clock in the valley far down below was striking one. Should I have heard that in my dreams? No! I know I was awake! Far away a line of light was twinkling under the dark mass of the distant mountains on the opposite shore of the lake. It was Montreux. How curiously the light of that pre-eminently artificial settlement contrasted with the mysterious chalet behind me, with its dreadful unreality and ghastly tenants! There opposite to me were the electric lights of the new hotel at Territet. Behind me was the dim ruin with its fearful secrets.

How cold it was! The stars were shining, and a pale light over the north-east showed where the sun was travelling. Three hours more and I should be able to find my way down. At least there was this comfort, that if there was a chalet there must be a path to it. Unless, indeed, the whole thing were a ghastly dream.

I turned to look at the old building. I had to force myself to do it. I expected to see that fearful figure standing in the door. All was dark and still. Was it really all a dream? It was very cold out there. Three hours is a long time to wait. My clothes were torn, and the long grass was dripping wet. I could not lie down in it. I could hardly stand for three hours. I was very tired. Should I be frightened by a nightmare, however dreadful? My head was light from my fall. I would be more sensible. I would go in again. It was still far too dark to think of trying to find any way down. As I approached the old tumble-down building, I could not help shuddering. I never knew a dream so vivid. However, it must be a dream. There are the electric lights of that grand hotel at Territet. No mysteries can exist in the face of the triumphs of our civilization. But in spite of my trying to bluster out my fears, I did not at all like getting nearer to that dark door. I looked furtively in. All was black and silent. The damp, nasty, unwholesome odor was there. But it was warmer than outside, where a cold north wind was beginning to whisper among the crevices of the cliffs behind me and the fir-tree tops below. I went in; but I kept very near the door, and did not trouble about dry twigs any more. I sat down, and in a few minutes I was sound asleep.

When I awoke, the sunlight was stream-

ing over the steep slope opposite. The jagged outline of the cliffs behind was thrown in clear profile on the fir woods and crags in front. The chalet was still dim, but I could make out objects distinctly. Involuntarily the horrible dream of the night before came back. I looked at the stall where I had sat. There at the exact place where I had seen it was the torn and crumbling sack. There were the ghastly hand and grinning skull. It was no dream then. I got up and walked out of the hut. How exquisite was the morning! For a moment I forgot everything. A grey patch of mist floated below me, hiding the valley. But above the streaming sunlight was bringing into sharp distinctness every peak and crag of the mountains opposite. Deep purple grey, the cliffs behind towered against the warm, clear, rosy haze; while opposite the orange-tinged crags cut the cold blue of the western sky. The tinkle of a few bells far down under the mist told me that the cows were already busy at their morning meal. I wished I were a cow.

My thoughts turned naturally to the easiest means of finding like occupation. How was I to get down? The grass all round the chalet was long and rank. Evidently no cattle had browsed there this year. The little patch of pasture was hemmed in by beetling cliffs on three sides. The grass grew to the edge on the fourth side, and then seemed to drop in a sheer precipice.

I went to the edge and looked over. The top of a tall fir-tree was just below me. A few stones, worn and moss-covered, appeared to offer a way of escape. I could see there was a forest of fir-trees further down. If only I could reach these I should be sure to find a way down into the valley.

Before I attempted to descend I took one more look at the old crumbling chalet. It stood in the deepest recess of the gloomy plateau. Entirely protected from the south, west, and east by precipitous cliffs above, the sunlight had never fallen on its sombre moss-covered stones. I thought over the dream of the night before. If it was a dream, how could I have seen all I did see? I had certainly never entered the chalet before. It was pitch dark when I went in. How could I tell that sack contained a mouldering skeleton? How could I know there was a tub in the corner? Could a feverish imagination create the actual presentment of hidden surroundings? The ghastly figure might be the result of a heated, over-

wrought brain and the want of food. There was nothing left to prove that it had entered. That strange laugh might have been the cry of some night-bird distorted in my half-conscious torpor. But the tub? I would go in and see if that great tub were actually there.

As I entered, the sickening stale atmosphere struck me as peculiarly repulsive. I stood at the door and looked in. With a sense of horror upon me I looked towards the corner where I had seen in my dream the great tub. It was there. A vast wooden tub, capable of holding many hundreds of gallons. It was now in decay. The iron hoops had rusted out, and one or two of the staves had slipped out of their position. I remembered the incidents of the dream distinctly—far too distinctly. I felt I should never forget them. That fearfully malignant, wizened, dead figure. The awful heavings of the suggestive burden. The vapor. The plunge. The dispersion of the steam above the caldron. The vibrating of the huge vessel. The ghastly, creepy laugh. I forced myself to go up to the corner. I climbed up on some bulks of timber rotting there. I looked in. It was so dark inside I could at first make out no details. By degrees, as I looked closer, and helped by a chink of light which fell through a crack in the tub, I was able to make out a heap of rubbish in the bottom. I poked it with my stick; a musty, fetid smell arose, and my stick struck a hard, round substance. There was the same horribly suggestive outline which had attracted my attention to the sack. The rubbish had a ghastly similitude to a huddled-up skeleton. As I examined it more attentively, I could see that there was no doubt. The head had fallen off, and was lying at the side of the heap of mouldering bones.

I had seen enough. I hurried away. I never stopped again until I had climbed down to the nearest fir-tree. There I paused. Before entering the dark shade of the forest I turned back to look up. The long grass grew rank against the skyline; a grey peak of the highest cliff just topped the ragged growth. I was too far down to see anything of the plateau. Was it fancy, or a memory of my dream? But as I looked, a figure seemed to emerge among the grass at the edge of the little pasture, and stagger up against the blue sky with a long burden on its shoulders. The dark wood behind me seemed to echo a cruel, shivering laugh, and the figure disappeared.

"Mere fancy!" I said to myself.

"Imagination will do anything!" and I turned to find my way through the gloom.

After an hour's difficult descent, the rude track I was following suddenly ended on the brink of a vast ravine.

I examined the smooth surface of this highroad for the avalanches. Up and up it went, in a straight, ever-diminishing line, to the narrow gorge between two of the highest peaks. Down, down, it cut its plunging track right to the narrow belt of walnut and chestnut on the edge of the lake below. I must get across this somehow. Below me the forest ended in a series of precipitous cliffs. The path led me here, and I could see the continuation of it on the other side. It was getting hot. I longed to be down in the village, whose red and grey roofs I could see peeping out among the dark-green masses below. I looked at my mangled clothes. I felt the parts I could not see were infinitely worse than those I could. My hands were stained with blood. I knew my face must be streaked with it, too. My head was bound up with my handkerchief. It was not pleasant to enter a decent village like that in broad daylight. I must get down before many people were about.

Prodding the face of the ravine with my stick, I found that if I planted my foot firmly I could make a fairly safe footing on its treacherous surface. After a hazardous ten minutes, I reached the other side. Henceforth the track was easy. In another half-hour I passed some goats. A startled cowboy next stood gaping at my appearance. In a few minutes more I had reached a chalet, where an old woman was attending to the cows.

She was a sensible old thing, and took in the situation at a glance. She wasted few words, but soon gave me some hot milk, eggs, and bread and butter. I allowed her to bathe my head, and although she had no clean rag, she washed my handkerchief and tied it neatly over my cut. My garments took longer mending, but she succeeded at last, and I went on my way a reformed character.

During the time she was attending to me a man had come in. A long-haired, unshaven, tangled man. We talked, and when I told him where I had passed the night, he uttered an exclamation. Incredulity was the chief ingredient in his surprise. When I told him, however, of the great tub in the corner, he appeared convinced. Both he and the old woman seemed to take a greater interest in me. They asked me questions; they exchanged significant glances. At last the man could

restrain his curiosity no longer. He asked me point-blank if I had not been disturbed by *les revenants*. It was haunted, then. My dream was not a dream, or if it was, it was curious it should have taken so definite a form. I answered evasively, and then asked him to tell me the story connected with the chalet, why such excellent pasture was left to grow in rank waste? Why there was no path up there? Why, above all, was there that awful tub?

It was a long tale, and much of the story was incomprehensible. The chalet belonged to a fairly well-to-do peasant; of course there was a woman in the case. The wife of the peasant was admired by a *douanier*. As far as I can make out, these *douaniers* never do have anything else to do but to admire all the village belles. The husband's life was wretched.

The *douanier* was young, big, brutal. The husband was small, old, cunning. It was when the cattle had gone to the mountains. There was a very good path up there then. Pierroch and his wife had gone up to their chalet with their cows. "It was just such a night as last night, and it was — Why, it is the feast of St. John to-day!" and the two peasants looked at each other and nodded significantly. The *douanier* was seen climbing the mountain path. He never was seen again. Nor were Pierroch or his wife ever heard of after. The chalet was visited a week later, but nothing was found. The huge tub was full of water as usual. For there was no water up there, and that made the pasture less useful than it would have been. All the water for the cattle had to be accumulated in that large tub, either from the snow or the rain. All was in fairly good order. A sackful of hay lay on the floor of the stall. The few cows Pierroch possessed had all disappeared, and the door stood wide open. Nothing more was ever heard of any one of the three. Since then the place bore an evil name. It was called "the Revenants," and no one ever went there now. Only on St. John's eve a light was always seen. A pale light like the gleam of a glow-worm. No one had ever been bold enough to try and get there to find out the explanation. In fact, what further explanation was wanted? Did not Holy Scripture say there were spirits? Did not monsieur le curé tell them of Samuel and the witch? They were not so ignorant there on that mountain as monsieur might think. But monsieur has actually passed the night there on St. John's eve? he must have been there, since he had seen the great tub.

Old Nannette remembered the making of that tub. It was built up there. There was a feast given, and the red wine was the first liquid it ever contained. Ah, it was good, that red wine as it flowed from the wooden spigot!

I could not repress a shudder as I thought of the mouldering skeleton, and the frightful death that seemed shadowed out by that ghastly mute phantasma. The convulsions, the plunges I could not see. The groans I could not hear. The awful, sickening death.

I answered all their questions briefly, and went on my way. In a short time I was down the mountain. I had reached the village on the edge of the lake. In half an hour the steamer would be here. As I sat outside the clean, simple little hotel sipping my coffee, I thought over the strange experiences of the night. Had I really seen a ghost? It seemed so odd. In the broad daylight, with the blue lake before me, with the large, bird-like barques airing their sails in that quiet bay beside me; in the presence of the trim gendarme, magnificent in all the rigid dignity of his padded uniform and pasteboard hat, leaning against the rails of the landing-stage, — it seemed so impossible. Why should ghosts exist? How could they be? It was so much more easy to say it was a dream. And a dream I should still say it was were it not for that tub. Can it be that we can antedate a dream? That we hear and see certain things, dream of them, and then, forgetting when we dreamt it, believe the dream took place before the events?

As I pondered over it all, I could hardly accept this. I had entered the hut in the dark. I knew there was a tub there, and a skeleton before I looked for them. The skeleton in the sack I saw almost as soon as I opened my eyes; but I had gone out and taken a walk in the cool air of the morning, found a path down, and was perfectly calm and collected before I remembered the tub. I went back purposely to look for it. I knew exactly where it was, what it looked like, and fully expected to find something horrible in it. I must have seen this then. The chalet must have been lighted up somehow. Attribute what I would to imagination, it was impossible to say this was a dream, unless a singularly prophetic one. It seemed as easy to believe in a spiritual manifestation as to believe in so marvellously circumstantial a dream.

But here was the steamer. A throng of happy, merry boys, with tin boxes and knapsacks on their backs, were trooping



over the gangway. Two Englishmen, in tweed suits and straw hats, were occupying with dignified grandeur the whole of the first-class deck. In another minute I was on board. I tried to hide my tattered appearance as well as I could; but it was useless. I had to confess to my sufferings and all the compassion I got was that I was a most utter idiot to go up the mountains without a guide. However, no guide would have led me to "les Revenants;" and if I should have slept comfortably in my bed at Vevey, I should have gone without the marvellous experience which I cannot help confessing goes far to convince me there must be ghosts.

Two things I have learned from my adventure. One is to regard with a profound respect all Alpine climbers. The other is to receive with reverence the researches and lucubrations of the Psychological Society. There is also a third conclusion I have sadly come to. Vaseline and plaster are very useful adjuncts to a tourist equipment. If, also, you could induce your tailor to part with several pieces of the stuff of which your suit is made, you would find it come in very useful; it is so difficult to match your things abroad.

I shall be happy to tell any one the exact situation of the chalet. It lies in that little plateau quite hidden from the lake. It is difficult to find. The ascent to it is very arduous, and, owing to that awkward ravine, is really dangerous. But the descent to it is easy and rapid. One has only to slip off the cliff above, and you are soon there.

FRANK COWPER.

From Temple Bar.

#### REMINISCENCES OF SIR RICHARD BURTON.

BY HIS NIECE, GEORGINA M. STISTED.

ONE of the earliest pictures in my memory is of a travelling carriage crossing snow-covered Alps. A carriage containing my mother and uncle, sister and self, an English maid, and a romantic but surly Asiatic, named Allahdad.

Richard Burton, then a handsome man hardly thirty, tall and broad-shouldered, was oftener outside the carriage than in it, as the noise made by his two small nieces rendered pedestrian exercise, even in the snow, an agreeable and almost necessary variety. Very good-humoredly, however, did he bear the uproar, now and then giving us bits of snow to taste which we hoped might be sugar.

He had just returned invalided from India, and we were all on our way to England for a cousin's wedding. He wished also to be near London, as he was bringing home the fruits of seven years' study and travel in Sind, Goa, and the Neilgherries. Seven years of hardest work, for joining the Indian army at twenty-one, he learnt eleven languages, did yeoman's service in the Sind Canal Survey, travelled in disguise amongst the wild tribes of the hills and plains, strained every power to such a degree, that had it not been for the nursing of surly Allahdad on board ship, he would never have come back alive. On arriving in England he was so delighted at the prospect of seeing his relations again, that he knocked up his aunt's household in London in the middle of the night, and then in a day or two travelled post haste to Pisa to greet his parents and sister.

We spent twelve months partly at Dover, partly at Leamington; then migrated to Boulogne. There he corrected and published, "Sind, or the Unhappy Valley," "Goa and the Blue Mountains," and "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus." We were a large party, as his father and mother, Col. and Mrs. J. Netterville Burton lived with us most of the time. Naturally they were very proud of their clever son, and wanted to see as much of him as possible.

And here I must correct a mistake made more than once in notices of his life. These parents are frequently represented as a pair of Low Church bigots who wished to force Richard into an unsuitable profession, *i.e.*, the Church. On the contrary, moderate, old-fashioned Church people, they desired he should become a clergyman only because he seemed too clever a lad for a soldier. Soldiers in those days were not the learned persons they are at present. Besides, Col. Burton had lost his own health campaigning, and Richard when a boy showed few signs of the marvellous physical strength of later years. As regards the established creeds, he then believed as much as most lads, and the accounts of wildness and turbulence have been absurdly exaggerated. However, it was fortunate the parents' well-meant project came to nothing; for when about three-and-twenty he became a Deist, and although, as his friend Cameron truly says, no man was ever more qualified to write a critical comparison of the religions of the world, he never altered his views again.

*A propos* of health, a curious difference between him and his father may be men-



tioned. The latter would hardly permit a doctor to come near him, and he had such a horror of drugs that he preferred suffering all the agonies of asthma to burning a little nitre-paper. Richard, incredulous as he was on most debatable points, always kept a warm corner for the physician, and even allowed himself to be dosed with marvellous docility. Perhaps a result of a sanguine disposition. The father and mother were invalids, but Richard and his sister entered into Boulogne society.

At Boulogne he first saw his future wife, then a girl in her early teens. He was not to become a Benedict yet awhile, but twice between twenty and thirty he thought of marrying. On each occasion pecuniary difficulties arose. Until his father's death in 1857, he had only a moderate allowance besides his pay; he seemed doomed to life-long exile in India, and his prospects of advancement did not appear so bright to anxious relatives as to his sanguine Irish self. All his attachments were to pretty or handsome women, ugly ones he wouldn't look at; with him love of the beautiful almost took the place of religion.

The second marriage project having come to nought, the grand idea of a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina gained full possession of his mind. Gradually it matured, preparations were made, and it was set on foot. Every one interested in his life knows how he left London as a Persian, and travelled to Southampton with a friend, Captain Grindlay acting as interpreter. How he lived at Cairo as a dervish until the departure of the pilgrims; and performed the pilgrimage as a genuine Moslem.

There was terrible woe in the family circle when he went away. Unlike many clever men, he was pleasant at home, always occupied and marvellously sweet-tempered about trifles. My mother says the only time she ever saw him really angry during the years they spent together at Boulogne, was when he found one of his nieces straying near the edge of the quay, which, in common with most places of the kind abroad, lacked a railing. Then he was so brave when ill. Like Sir Walter Scott, a favorite hero of his, he allowed no amount of pain to interfere with his work. Even as a mere boy only next day was it known that he had suffered from toothache — by the swelling of his face. In fact he was too brave; for those around him, accustomed to less stoical invalids, were sometimes deceived by such extraordinary fortitude. Mumps, raging neuralgia, and an internal inflam-

mation severely attacked him at Boulogne. During the last he did incautiously remark one day: "If this doesn't get better, before night I shall be an angel;" and at once inexpressible consternation reigned around.

The pilgrimage over, he went to Egypt, thence to Bombay. There he organized his expedition into Somali-Land, which terminated disastrously. When we saw him again, his handsome face was scarred by the lance which had transfixed his jaw and palate. Later on he received a wound on the left cheek which was still more noticeable. These scars marred his good looks very little, and for many years, in spite of fevers by the score, and exposure to climate such as people read of, but seldom experience, he remained a strikingly handsome man, brown-haired, bright-eyed, upright, the living image of that magnificent portrait by Sir Frederick Leighton. Whoever has seen that portrait has seen Richard Burton. Another picture of him, taken with his sister, painted at Boulogne by Jacquand, a French historical painter of some eminence, hangs in our dining-room. He wears the uniform of the East India Company's Service (infantry), and although never a striking likeness, it gives some idea of him as a young man of twenty-nine.

He paid us a flying visit before his expedition into Equatorial Africa — 1856-9, when he discovered Lake Tanganyika; and again before setting out for the United States in 1860, to visit Great Salt Lake City, and collect materials for his book on the Mormons, "The City of the Saints." His longest sojourn with us was during the summer of 1859, when he joined us at Dover. His father and mother were dead, but his brother-in-law, the late Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Stisted, had just returned to England to recruit after the Mutiny; and we all spent several months together at that war-like little watering-place.

We did our best to cheer him up, for all that summer he seemed ailing and despondent. In his family the expression, "an unlucky Burton," is proverbial, and certainly at times his ill-luck was almost inveterate enough to terminate his career. Even a good thing would come to him like a scorpion, with a sting in its tail. He had just discovered Lake Tanganyika, but then ensued all the trouble and disappointment about Speke; and he was too affectionate and sensitive a man not to take such a grievous annoyance to heart. Later on, evil fate dealt him a worse blow.

Nineteen years' service in the Indian army was swept away in 1861 on his accepting the consulate of Fernando Po. Perhaps he had not made sufficient enquiries as to the rules of the Staff Corps at that particular date, perhaps he was intentionally misinformed, for he had many enemies, fearfully bitter ones they were too; anyhow, on accepting the consulate he heard that all chance of rising in the army was gone forever. And with his health threatening to break up, the prospect of Fernando Po, and only Fernando Po, was not exactly exhilarating.

In January, 1861, he married handsome, fascinating Isabel Arundell. A great surprise to us, as he had become such an inveterate traveller that we began to think of him as a confirmed bachelor. It is generally known there were some difficulties in the way of this marriage. Mrs. Arundell, a very strict Romanist, objected to a Protestant son-in-law; there was no superabundance of ways and means, for though he made large sums by his writings later, at that time he seldom received more than three hundred pounds for a book; and the ghastly African consulate was not a suitable residence for an Englishwoman. But Isabel very wisely allowed none of these obstacles to prevent her from marrying the man of her choice, and she never had reason to regret it, a better husband never lived. They both stayed with us at Dovercourt in Essex almost immediately after their marriage, spending the rest of the winter and spring between that place and London. Their time together was short, as he was soon obliged to leave for Africa, and he knew the vile climate too well to take his wife with him. However, there were occasional meetings at Madeira and Teneriffe; once he came for a few months to London on leave; and as soon as he obtained a healthier post, that of Santos, his wife joined him, and was never separated from him for any length of time afterwards.

During the four years he held the consulship of Fernando Po, he marched up to Abeokuta, ascended the Cameroon Mountains, explored the Yellalah Rapids of the Congo River, and passed three months at Agbome as British commissioner with presents from her Majesty to the king of Dahomey. The published records of these explorations are: "Abeokuta and the Cameroon Mountains," "Wanderings in West Africa," "A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahomey," and "Essay on the Nile Basin."

At Santos he thoroughly explored his

own province, the gold mines and diamond diggings of Minas Geraes, and canoed down the river Sao Francisco fifteen hundred miles, an adventure described in "The Highlands of Brazil." He visited the Argentine Republic, and the rivers Plata, Parana, and Paraguay; then crossed the Pampas and the Andes to Chili and Peru, and visited the Pacific coast, returning by the Straits of Magellan, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de Janeiro to London. All this in about four years!

Then followed his happiest days in later life, the short time spent at Damascus. The appointment (Lord Derby's) thoroughly suited him. Climate, occupation, mode of living, were all just what he loved best. For once he was in his right place, and his big brain had full and ample scope for work. There was not time enough for such prodigies of travel as those performed from other consulates, but he explored all the unknown parts of Syria, and what with the multifarious duties of his post, and his indefatigable pen, not a day was idle. Strong, brave man though he was, the shock of his sudden recall told upon him cruelly. I never saw him, even during his last years when his health had all but given way, so "down." He came straight home to us at Norwood in wretched spirits, and as he could not sleep, sat up until the small hours of the morning with my father smoking. Tragedy was dashed with comedy; one night a terrible uproar arose. The dining-room windows had been left open, the candles alight, and the pug asleep under the table, forgotten. A policeman, seeing the windows unclosed, knocked incessantly at the street door, the pug awoke and barked himself hoarse, and every one clattered out of his or her bedroom to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. My uncle had quite forgotten that in quiet English households servants retire to rest before 3 A.M.

We saw, too, in another way how shaken his nerves were by the loss of his appointment. He had always been very fond of tea, which he insisted on having of first-rate quality, not twice drunk, as he described cheap compounds. An ordinary breakfast-cup did not suffice, he preferred the slop-basin. But shortly after his arrival he gave up tea and took cocoa. The habit, however, was resumed later, slop-basin and all.

Sensitive though he was, he possessed that enviable common sense, so very uncommon, by the way, which enables us to speedily reconcile ourselves to the inev-

itable. His cherished appointment was lost, irretrievably lost, so he turned his thoughts elsewhere. After a few months in London he joined us in Edinburgh *en route* for Iceland. We soon ascertained, much to our satisfaction, that the Damascus trouble had skinned over, he had quite recovered his health and seemed thoroughly able to enjoy himself. He liked the town, he liked the bracing air, and he liked the people. The 93rd Highlanders stationed at the castle, entertained with true Scotch hospitality; and he met at our house Lord and Lady Perth, General Sir John and Lady Elizabeth Douglas, the Macphersons of Cluny, and other well-known families then in Edinburgh. Lord Airlie was high commissioner that year, and we all went together to the receptions at Holyrood. Orders and uniforms are donned on these occasions, and a very gay, picturesque scene the old palace presented, the men brightened up for once with a dash of color; but Richard Burton, in those days, had no decoration whatever. It may be remembered the K.C.M.G. was given him within only four years of his death.

We enjoyed this Edinburgh visit of his just as much as he did, but it seemed all too short. My father and a few friends saw him off early in June from the quay at Granton. He had always been very anxious to go to Iceland, and this was the first pleasurable excitement in the travelling line since the Damascus worry. Most men would have thought of little else, and I think nothing could show better what a great loving heart he had than that the saying good-bye for what promised to be but a short absence, was positively painful to him. Indeed, as a rule, he did his very best to avoid good-byes; and when unavoidable, I have often seen tears in his eyes and felt his hands turn stone cold.

The trip to Iceland proved pleasant and prosperous; then came the Trieste appointment, which he held to the day of his death. Though unsuitable in many respects, it must be allowed the duties were light, the pay was good, and the leave unlimited. To a more responsible post he would have been chained, as it were, but from Trieste he could travel to his heart's content. Of course he often wearied of the commonplace town, and its disagreeable climate; and had he not been able to pass many months wandering amidst pleasanter scenes, would have suffered even more than he did. A wonderful amount of travel and literary work was crowded into the twenty years he held this

consulate. Every spot of ground within a hundred miles of his new home having been explored, he went again to India in 1875, bringing out "*Sind Revisited*" as a result; he commanded two expeditions to Midian; returned to his old diggings, as he expressed it, on the west coast of Africa in company with Commander Cameron, besides taking short trips to Suez, Tangier, many to England. He published several fresh volumes of travels, translations of all the works of Camoens, and last of all, what is called his monumental work, the "*Arabian Nights*." This last brought in quite a little fortune, twelve thousand pounds, including the sum received for the supplemental volumes.

Throughout life he kept up a regular correspondence with his sister, whom he tenderly loved, and who much resembles him. A fortnight seldom passed without a letter in his quaint little handwriting, which often required our joint efforts to decipher. Frequently one would contain some terse remark which became a household saying for months afterwards. "What fools think others don't," for example; or writing about people with very large self-esteem,—"People much to be envied—pity they are such beasts;" again *à propos* of those who receive kicks and cuffs from the world without resenting them, "a good plan, if you can but follow it." He always wrote fully about himself and his plans, but invariably noticed any little piece of family or society news we had told him, however insignificant it might have been. The last letter was written within a few days of his death, rejoicing in improved health, and anticipating his return in the spring.

Each time he came to England we saw him frequently. When we lived at Sydenham he often went with us to the Crystal Palace. We used to joke on these occasions, declaring he explored the palace and grounds as thoroughly as Harar or Lake Tanganyika; and generally we had to divide into two parties, one resting while the other accompanied him. Later, when we moved to Folkestone, that place received its share of attention. Cæsar's Hill, the Warren, and Sandgate, etc., all were carefully reconnoitred. In short he seemed unable to rest until he had walked or driven all over a new place and its environs.

The fine, bracing air of Folkestone always revived him, and he invariably left us looking and feeling better. Most devoted care was taken of his health by both wife and doctor; and if he could only have lived in really pure air, done less work.

and slept more, ten years might have been added to his existence. We tried hard to persuade him to spend the winter with us instead of going on to Cannes the year of the Riviera earthquakes. Gipsy-like, he abhorred the idea of tying himself down for any length of time. So long as it was possible even to be carried in and out of trains and steamers, travel he would; and he had only just returned from the fatiguing trip to Malogia, to rest a few weeks before starting for Greece, when one night he died suddenly, quite worn out. The brave heart so unmercifully tried could literally beat no longer. And no doubt he knew what was best for himself. Better to die in full possession of his glorious faculties, able to the last to work with those who lead the van of human progress, than to husband his remaining strength for all the horrors of old age. We

Who lack the light that on earth was he,  
Mourn.

But for him the quick, painless death in the zenith of his matchless genius was surely well.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
ON AUTOGRAPHS.

### III.

SOMEWHERE in Landor's works there is a couplet expressive of the fact that with each death of a friend something in ourselves dies too, "and every death is painful save the last."

It is a truth which a correspondence, extending more or less over a lifetime, cannot fail to emphasize. There are portions of each individuality which only possess a relative existence, and which, with the absence of that to which they correspond, necessarily cease to be. With the death of one associate boyhood is over; with that of another, youth, even though the date may seem to give the lie to the assertion. Whatever *Anno Domini* may affirm, it is, in truth, only in relation to the old that we are ever young, and possibly, if the circumstances of the case admitted of the test, it would be found that it is only the presence of youth which causes years to take upon them the complexion of old age. Each separate attribute lives and dies together with its correlative; and thus we come back to Landor's assertion that with the departure, one by one, of a man's friends, he himself dies, as it

were, by stages—something lost with each. It is a curious and interesting study, to those who have leisure to pursue it, to watch as the sun creeps westward the gradual shifting of the lights, to see that which was once shadow start into relief, and what was once bright become extinct, while yet the personality which underlies all changing relationships remains stable and unaltered.

As once more we turn over the pages we find the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster meeting, in the letter if not in the spirit, with Archdeacon Manning, the latter still at Lavington and sending a cordial invitation to his correspondent to visit him there. How much, one speculates, has in this instance, in obedience to the inexorable law of nature, died as the relationships of life have changed, and how much of Archdeacon Manning survives in his representative, the cardinal archbishop? Nothing for nothing—the same law holds good in all the departments of life. Each phase is paid for by the relinquishment or death of the one which preceded it. Israel, indeed, inherits Canaan, but not the children to whom the promises were made. Yet the lots are fairly enough apportioned; one has hope as his share, the other fulfilment.

Leaving the Church, we find ourselves once more in a land of art. Dante Gabriel Rossetti has been set dreaming of a theatre "where not only the appointments of the stage but the whole decorations of the house should be in harmony with mediæval history and art," and where the scenic effects should correspond to the pictures of Henry Leys, the great Belgian painter, whose works are to the writer the most thoroughly great and satisfactory modern historical pictures he knows.

Possibly, before his death, he may have recognized indications, at least, of the future realization of his "dream."

Is it from a dreamer in another sphere that a letter comes not far distant in order from the one last quoted? For William O'Brien, writing from his prison in 1889, and dealing also in the first instance with art, though art in a different province from that of the painter, tells us that "the end of the strife"—his strife—"is plainly near." A dream, perhaps, yet some of us might, with Clovis Hugues, the patriot poet of France, reply to the scoffers:—

Vous cherchez les héros, je cherche les ré-  
veurs,  
Vous croyez à des gens qu'on nomme les  
sauveurs;

Je ne crois qu'à des fous amoureux de leur  
rêve,  
Et c'est à ces sauveurs, les seuls vrais, que  
j'élève  
Un hautain piédestal dans mes strophes.

But to pass on from the visions of painter and politician alike. We gave, in a former paper, some examples of the estimates formed by writers of their own work, or rather of their various attitudes with regard to it. It is not less instructive when we can obtain an honest opinion on the subject, to observe the attitude of a man towards what, in a more intimate sense still, may no less be termed his work — towards himself, that is, his own life and career. Here there are obviously even greater difficulties in the way of obtaining a candid estimate. The fear of egoism keeps some men silent, whilst the announcements of those who are most ready to speak on the subject do not invariably carry their own guarantee of veracity. Paradoxical though it may sound, it is perhaps from the inordinately vain that the most absolute candor is to be looked for, from men of so happy a temperament that what might have seemed to them blemishes in another take in their own case the character of interesting peculiarities, to be advertised rather than concealed. There is a light-hearted openness about the self-revelations of such persons, scarcely to be equalled by the painful sincerities of the humble. But, however that may be, it is not uninteresting when we light upon what seems to be a man's calm and dispassionate judgment of himself, and in the following letter from Henry Crabb Robinson there is a certain ring of sincerity which commends it: —

"I am," he says, writing in 1849, "much obliged by your present, and embarrassed by your note. I know not what to say without exposing myself to the imputation of either affectation or insensibility to the compliment paid me.

"I own that such a note, had it been anonymous, would have annoyed me. Coming from you it gratifies me, but with an uncomfortable adjunct. It is the *a laudato* that alone renders it a matter of satisfaction to be the *laudatus*.

"I cannot but be proud of any mark of your respect, even if founded on a mistake. I was not the friend of Schiller, whom I saw only two or three times.

"Of Goethe I saw much more, and he was as superior to Schiller as Shakespeare was to Milton. I have often said of myself that it has been my enviable lot to be

known, and, to a certain extent, respected, in several countries of Europe by distinguished men whom I had no right to associate with from the possession of any kindred talent. This ought to be said hereafter, if I were one to be ever mentioned hereafter. . . . I am, your obliged, humble servant,  
H. C. ROBINSON."

There is another letter from the same writer, but two years earlier, from Rydal Mount, and showing its poet in a somewhat mournful light: —

"You will expect from me," he says, "some account of our friend's health and spirits. I have nothing clear and decisive to say. There is an evident indisposition, or you may call it incapacity, in Mr. W. to withdraw his mind from the sad subject on which it broods. He prefers solitude to company, and sits without speaking a word by the hour together. I have been very seldom able to make him give his mind even to the very exciting subject — the appointment of Dr. Hampden, and the now inevitable forthcoming proceedings in some ecclesiastical court. Was it ignorance, or did he wish to obtain for the Dean and Chapter of H. the cheap glory of being willing to incur the perils of martyrdom, that induced Henry of Exeter to state that the refusal to elect according to the *recommendation* subjected them to a *præmunire*?

"Your obliged, etc.,  
"H. C. ROBINSON."

The world changes. It no longer surprises the lay mind, as it evidently did that of Crabb Robinson, that the great poet, absorbed in domestic affliction, failed to find interest and distraction even in the exciting scenes of an ecclesiastical quarrel.

Another Lake poet follows on the foregoing melancholy account of Wordsworth, and Robert Southey addresses the actor Charles Young on the subject of a drama:

"Dear Sir," he writes, "an intimate friend of mine has put a tragedy into my hands, asking my opinion whether he should publish it. He had not written it with any view to representation, but it has appeared to me so original, that I have advised him to offer it for the stage; and this I have done chiefly because I could not but feel throughout the perusal how much effect you, and none but you, could give to the principal character — which is one of moral heroism — calm, thoughtful, dignified, self-subdued. We have few



characters in our drama so finely conceived or so well delineated.

"With this persuasion I have recommended him to submit it to your judgment; and if your opinion should accord with mine as to the conception and general merits of the piece, any alterations which might be necessary for adapting it for the stage might easily be made.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Yours, with sincere respect,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The reply of the great actor is addressed to the dramatist himself:—

"I have read with attention your play. I do not think, with all the high dramatic and poetic beauties which it in parts contains, that it would succeed in representation; and yet I could wish that you would, in the teeth of this opinion, offer it to Covent Garden Theatre. The managers and I have already differed upon similar occasions, and it is probable we should do so in your case. In the event of their accepting it, I hope it is needless to assure you that I shall use the most strenuous efforts to make myself worthy of the trust that will then devolve upon me.

"I think Mr. Southey's good opinion of it of such high importance, that were I in your place I should on this single ground propose it to the theatre for representation. But that I would rather be taxed with lack of judgment than integrity, I should have adopted any course to avoid declaring a difference of opinion with *such a man!*

"I am, dear sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"C. M. YOUNG."

Here is the playwright's answer. He is twenty-seven years old, and the drama in question is his first effort:—

"I am very much obliged to you," he writes, "for the attention you have given to my play. I shall not offer it to the theatre—for if the managers were bold enough to differ from you in opinion, certainly I should differ from them. And with regard to Mr. Southey's sentiments, I do not look upon them to have gone further than a belief that there were grounds for asking you to take the trouble of forming an opinion—and even if they had gone further I am pretty sure that he would consider your judgment upon such a question to be preferable to his own."

The correspondence has been given entire, in order that critic, actor, and play-

wright might stand together. We now return to the alphabetical order and to Robert Southey.

It is perhaps in his lighter moods that the latter is most attractive—when nonsense (of which he declared himself so cordial and *bond fide* a lover) bubbles up from him with such spontaneous and exuberant merriment, and a grace so gay and so charming that it has rarely been surpassed. A man not born great may achieve greatness, but only the born jester should be licensed to make jokes, and to that class Southey belonged. But that it should have been so only serves to enhance the tragedy of his latter years. Glancing over the long series of his letters we watch the gathering of the darkness which enveloped the close of his life, and, recalling his description of himself—

A man he is by nature merry,  
Somewhat tom-foolish, and comical, very—

we feel all the force of the contrast.

"Daylight seems no nearer," he writes on one occasion; "I used to take no thought for the morrow, and now my mind is far too busy with it—shaping plans for contingencies, and calculating means for meeting the expenses, the worst way in which wakeful hours can be employed." And again he complains of the physical effects of sorrow—symptoms which foreshadow the end: "I never used to feel that I had a head. . . . But I am as little able to forget that I have one on my shoulders now, as a man would be who was to have his *taken off* the next day. I have a constant dull aching. . . . I lie down with it at night and rise with it in the morning." And, added to domestic troubles, there is a shade of bitterness in his mention of the fact that, while no one commands a higher price for "job work" than himself his books and poems do not sell.

"A man he is by nature merry"—but circumstances have arrayed themselves against poor nature and defeated her. And so we take melancholy leave of Southey, passing on to another writer not unconnected with the Lake country.

The fashion in which men take their pleasures is in many cases more characteristic than that in which they set themselves to perform their tasks. Was it not Carlyle who found the inmates of some charitable educational establishment playing leap-frog—jumping over each other's backs in a very mournful manner? It was an aspect of their existence more significant than had they in like manner been surprised at their studies. And to catch a

glimpse, not of the victims of philanthropic experiment, but of a philosopher, at play cannot fail to be interesting.

To those who were acquainted with his tastes it will be no surprise to find the grave biographer and champion of Bacon taking a serious interest in a game of croquet. The following letter from James Spedding is that of a man who, to whatever he set his hand, was accustomed to do it seriously, yet not without a humorous appreciation of the incongruity of the conditions into which he might be brought. "What did you do all day?" he was once asked by a curious friend, on the occasion of his having consented, with his habitual readiness to take part in whatever was going forward, to join a water-party. "I spent the time," he replied, "in wondering why the vessel was called a pleasure-boat."

On the present occasion we find him indulging in reflections upon the irrevocableness of the past, illustrated by the lost chances and missed opportunities of a game of croquet!

"This letter," he writes, "ought to have gone to-day, but I was summoned into the woods in pursuit of rabbits, and then to the moor in pursuit of grouse, and did not return till the post had gone. To prevent the same thing happening to-morrow, I am finishing it overnight" (it is dated past one A.M.). After proceeding to give an account of some reports of travels he has received from abroad, he goes on:—

"I can never distinctly understand what it is in foreign countries that makes the sight, or smell, or hearing, or feeling of it worth so much trouble. But I dare say they are as pleasant in their way as other places—when you are there. I prefer the pleasure which is here—that is, where I am. It is true that even close to the door one has troubles. As for instance I cannot quite get over the recollection of an opportunity irrevocably lost of distinguishing myself at croquet. If I had had—to advise me, I certainly should have won the game. Here is the case."

Then follows a diagram, elaborately drawn out, of the state of the ground.

"Black and blue," he proceeds, "are both rovers. Blue having played, lost. I am yellow. Pink—my partner—has been through the last hoop but two. I am at it. I hit pink. So far, well. Having hit it, I think it would be a great advantage if I could get through my hoop on my way to the enemy. I have only to roll pink a little beyond the hoop and myself into position, and then I shall be still bet-

ter placed for the attack than I am now. I try, and see what follows."

Another diagram, illustrative of failure.

"How well I see now that I ought to have gone at once within reach of black (next player), put him out, sent blue far away, gone back to pink, who played next, and might certainly have used me to make himself a rover, and left me in a position to finish the game next innings if blue did not hit one of us! And yet it can't be done now, because it is past and irrevocable!"

"Yours affectionately,

"JAMES SPEDDING."

Before passing on, we add a fragment of a letter without beginning or end, but of which the delicate handwriting, no less than internal evidence, proclaims it to be the expression of a very different mood on the part of the same writer. It is addressed to a musician.

"How do you find it in music," he says, "which I take to be your deepest taste? Does a sense of exceeding beauty enliven your spirits, or does it seem rather to oppress them? I do not know why it should be; but the contemplation of a perfectly beautiful thing—whether a perfectly fine day, or Taglioni, or Coniston Waterhead, or one of Shakespeare's women—affects me (physically) very much like a fit of indigestion. It lays a weight upon my animal spirits like lead. As we went up the hill from Coniston—and it was this which made me think of asking you a question, not otherwise particularly appropriate to your peculiar soul—I could do nothing but break out every three minutes in a fragment of Charles Tennyson's, which broke out of him while wandering about the wolds of Lincolnshire in autumn, and which I always have recourse to on these occasions, being all I have to say,—

Ah, woody hills and autumn tints divine!

Ah, mournful eyes! ah, sad, poetic soul!

Ah, beauteous thoughts, with fatal sorrows trained!

To twine forever round this cumbered heart.

"Or Taglioni!" On the opposite page—forty years between—lies a valentine presented by a gentle, courteous old dancing mistress, whose friendly grace has charmed the heart of the awkward school-girl pupils, whom, week by week, she instructs at a watering-place boarding-school. "De loin n'allez pas m'oublier," is the inscription borne by the "souvenir," and the name written, in the trembling characters of old age, under the gay

painted flowers — pansies and forget-me-nots — is that of Marie Taglioni. The souvenir of the brave and patient woman in those later years when life had defrauded her of her well-earned rest, forms the mournful sequel to that other souvenir contained in the letter in which the brilliant artist takes rank with Shakespeare's women and Coniston Waterhead as an embodiment of perfect beauty. "De loin n'allez pas m'oublier," and though far, very far off, she is not yet forgotten.

There was another art, more important than that of croquet, in which James Spedding was an adept. If the art of letter-writing is extinct — and who can deny it? — there is another and a kindred one which has not been allowed to suffer the like neglect. The most searching test of style, it has been said, lies in a telegram, but, short of this, few accomplishments are so difficult to bring to perfection as that of note-writing. To be brief without being curt; terse without incivility; to say nothing gracefully when there is nothing to be said; to say with originality what has been said a hundred times already; and, above all, to accomplish this without any appearance of labor or effort, is no easy matter. It has been observed that time is required in order to be short, and a perfect note is as rare as a perfect sonnet. But there have been not a few artists, in older as well as later times, who have not grudged the sacrifice of care and thought to this special branch of their art, and, among them, James Spedding was a conspicuous example. Take, for instance, the following note. It is the answer to a reproach for the coldness of a previous signature: —

"Then you may expect me to dinner on Wednesday," he writes, "when I hope that we shall find — you, that truth does not exclude affection, and I, that affection is not incompatible with truth; and that I am not less affectionately, because very truly,  
JAMES SPEDDING."

We add another example from a different pen. In this case, the occasion of the note is the introduction by the writer of a candidate, Mr. —, for a seat in Parliament, and it might serve as a model of ingenious caution: —

"I never know exactly," says a writer to his correspondent, "on what side you are in politics. I rather think that you have the political opinions of all sensible people. So has Mr. —."

And here, lastly, is a note from Mrs.

Norton, as tragic as her life itself, though it is only "an invitation to dinner:" —

"Will you dine here on Sunday at half past seven? If you cannot dine, look in in the evening. I do not think I can 'receive' again. I thought I was fond of my friends, but I find I am not. I feel very much worried when they are here, and very much out of spirits when they are gone. I wish to amuse myself and I cannot. I try to enjoy all this liberty of doing as I please, but it is of as much use to me as a kite to a child whose holiday is without a breeze to fly it. I wish it were all over, and that people were discussing what I *was*."

"This is an invitation to dinner, so answer it. Yours very truly, C. N."

Among the many accomplishments of which the writer was mistress, we feel, as we turn over her letters, gay though they often are, that that of making the best of it was not included. Possibly she disdained the homely manufacture, for a manufacture it remains, and one apt enough, when all is done, to lack the grace of a spontaneous growth. Yet it is well to recognize that, when life becomes bankrupt, she is commonly accustomed to offer a dividend which, since nothing better is to be had, those who are wise will not refuse to accept. But Mrs. Norton, we imagine, thought otherwise.

And so we leave the notes, and, returning to the letters, find among them a specimen, in the handwriting of Mr. Thackeray, of yet another art, and one, too, not wholly unconnected with that of making the best of it. For it is an apology.

Never, under any circumstances, to make an apology, is advice that in a general way may be acknowledged to be sound enough, human nature, to its shame, being prone to draw from it the ungenerous conclusion that the fault committed must be unusually heinous, since it has brought the culprit to his knees. An apology has, in fact, an unhappy tendency to emphasize the offence for which it is meant to atone, and even if forgiveness is accorded it is probable that forgetfulness — from a human point of view more desirable still — may be further off than ever. Apologies are, to be candid, apt to be disagreeable alike, and in almost equal measure, to both parties concerned. Granted that to confess a fault and to express contrition for it is good for the soul, it by no means follows that the process is not eminently distasteful not only to the penitent — which may be fair enough —

but also to the injured party, who finds himself, without warning or consent, placed in a position which it is not only difficult to fill with grace or dignity, but in which he is, as it were, seized by the throat and required, on the shortest notice, either to exercise the Christian virtue of forgiveness or, by refusing to do so, to place himself distinctly in the wrong. It is, in many cases, a choice of evils, and the sense of the unfair advantage at which he has been taken may not unnaturally acerbate his sentiment towards the offender, even while he yields so far to the necessities of the case as to give his formal assent to the liquidation of the offence. But there are exceptions to every rule, and some of us would consider it almost worth while to commit a fault, could we hope to offer an apology like Mr. Thackeray's.

A few words are needed in explanation of the circumstances under which it was made. A party had been assembled at a country house, of which Thackeray had made one, and of which he had afterwards communicated a humorous account to a comic paper. The letter tells the rest of the story:—

"In Mr. Dickens's story that is coming out," he writes, "there is a certain Mr. Micawber addicted to getting into debt, and signing his name to bills of exchange, and who, whenever he signs his name to a bill, says: 'Thank God that bill is settled.' When I find I have done wrong, like Mr. Micawber I'm at least very eager to sign an apology.

"It is only about four hours since I found that I owed one to you. I have long been aware, by the reports of some friends, the estrangement of others, and the demeanor of some acquaintances, that a certain article of my writing had given great offence; but as I meant it in the most good-humored spirit, and was actually proud of the absurd composition, I would not acknowledge that anybody had a right to be offended, and was quite indignant and angry that any one else should be so, and a few hours since I should have thought an apology a thing impossible, and that I was the injured party, and the innocent victim of a little social persecution.

"But just before I came to the railroad I was referred to the unlucky paper in question by a friend of mine who is not likely to be a very willing judge against me, and then, and not till then, I saw that I had been wrong. I meant no wrong as

I say again. I write in a headlong way often as I speak, and I own and acknowledge now that — had cause of offence in that article, and I ask your forgiveness. It has done no wrong certainly; nobody, not fifty people at least, know what or who was meant, but I had no right to speak of — in that manner, and perfectly feel that the anger of —'s friends is justifiable.

"And having debated the subject in my mind during my railroad journey, and come to the conclusion of the rest of the world against myself that I have been guilty of a rudeness, I write an early and hasty line to you to express my contrition that I should have given you pain.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"W. M. THACKERAY.

"I shall stay here till over Saturday, and shall be very glad to learn that you forgive me."

An assurance which, we need scarcely say, he received in terms as free and full as his own. "I believe," his correspondent adds, "that past proceeding of yours to have been as free from any ill intention as this present is full of frankness and generosity."

And so the matter ends, and the writers have alike shown that it is possible to make and to receive an apology in a fashion that shall leave no sting behind.

A fragment of a letter from Wordsworth follows, bearing no more definite date than that of "Friday morning," and written in a tone of subdued sadness, which recalls Mr. Crabb Robinson's description. He feels it would be expedient for him to move from home, yet —

"I seem fastened to the spot — everything about me is so soothing and beautiful. Before I had this little attack of something like rheumatism I talked big about going as far as the Pyrenees, and now I am afraid of the rough road of Kirkstone and Patterdale. I mean in a carriage, for I could walk on foot from morning to night without injury or fatigue. . . . Kate Southey is with us. We talked much about her father's letters, and I, who cannot be long in this world, am much grieved that there is no prospect of their being collected, and a selection of them published."

Later on, in the same letter, he mentions a guest from whom he had received a visit, adding a comment which, considering by whom it is made, is somewhat curious:—

"His manner is very much against him; but to me, who have read so little, his conversation is both instructive and entertaining.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"WM. WORDSWORTH."

This last letter, like many others, serves to recall a somewhat melancholy feature, common indeed in their measure to all collections of letters, but perhaps more marked in such a one as the present than in those where the selection has been made with greater regard to practical importance and permanent weight. It matters little to the world whether those who have left it were ill or well, strong or weak, so that their day's work was done, the rent exacted for their tenancy paid; yet the fact that the subject of health is so recurrent, so rarely entirely absent, is not without its significance, though we have no space to do more than call attention to it in passing. It is the same with all—old and young, those to whom sickness had become a habit of life, those to whom it was only a casual and unwelcome experience; it is the sombre thread which runs through the many-colored tapestry, now lighter, now darker in hue, but rarely altogether out of sight. Barry Cornwall is "staggering down hill;" John Sterling's "infirm health" clogs his movements; Mill is hastening abroad for the sake of his health. Gifford is "slowly but, thank God, gradually recovering" from an attack of illness which has delayed for six weeks the appearance of his review. There is no need to multiply instances. It is the one universal note, giving singular and painful emphasis to Sir Thomas Browne's assertion that the world is, after all, nothing but a hospital, and a hospital moreover for incurables.

"For the world," he says—the quotation is from memory—"I take it, is not an inn but a hospital, and a place not to live but to die in." Unless, indeed, we prefer to call it the waiting-room of the great physician, who to by far the larger number of those represented in these pages has already applied his infallible cure.

The end of the alphabet is almost reached. Those who have in turn stood for its letters have shown themselves in phases many and various, but under one aspect we have seldom caught sight of them. It is a noticeable fact that of anger, at least as directed against the correspondent to whom the mass of the letters are addressed, there is no record. If such

existed it has been obliterated. The omission has its obvious advantages; but, nevertheless, anger is unfortunately so characteristic a phase of human nature that, without some expression of it, such a register as this of the varying humors of mankind remains incomplete. Lying among the rest, though not belonging to them, there is a paper which supplies this deficiency. The expression of concentrated indignation on the part of the Duke of Wellington may make up for the lack of display of temper on that of lesser men. The letter, dated May 6, 1824, after mentioning the subject with which it deals—viz., the interference of a certain Sir Henry Warde in the affairs of the Leeward Islands—proceeds thus:—

"This interference has been made at the suggestion of Lieut. Col. Sir Charles Smith, who is certainly as *loose* a fellow and one as little fitted for a counsellor as any I know in the service.

"Only last year he thought proper to take upon himself to upset everything submitted to Parliament in estimates, which had, by the by, been made out by himself, and I enclose the minute which I wrote upon his conduct.

"I don't really wish to have anything to say to the W. Indies or any foreign settlement. If it is thought that the governors and General Officers on the spot, contrary to all precedence and practice, are the fittest persons to be entrusted with the management of the concerns heretofore transacted by or lately made over to the Ordnance, I have not the smallest objection, and will make over to them the whole concern. But if the business is to be carried on by the Ordnance, the Governors and General Officers must be brought to their senses, or I must proceed in a manner which will certainly settle all these little questions, but which will be very disagreeable to me and to the present officers on the spot.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

One more letter and we come to an end; and, as is fitting, the writer of this last, as of the first, is an artist. For while statesmen and philosophers, men of science and soldiers, have all their place in the collection of papers with which we have been concerned, it is, after all, art—art in its truest and widest sense—which is its pervading and dominant feature; it is the artist who is, so to speak, at home there. Others pass across the stage, eminent and noticeable figures, but they



are to some degree foreigners, and even they have for the most part caught and reflect the prevailing tone. Like those who enter a mosque, they take off their shoes, soiled with the dust of the streets, outside, and become for the time participants in the general atmosphere. Lord Aberdeen — the Lord Aberdeen of 1836 — presses on his correspondent a subject for a drama, and Mr. Gladstone occupies himself with the education of a budding poet. Such being the case, it is peculiarly appropriate that it is by an artist — the greatest of living painters — that the last word should be spoken, and that the subject with which he deals should be art. The letter is from G. F. Watts, and, written in 1859, bears the signature by which he is best known to those honored with his friendship.

"I am somewhat late," he says, "in returning my acknowledgments to you for your letter, because I am very much occupied by my fresco, and writing is to me at all times an effort I am but too much inclined to defer.

"A thousand thanks, for I know you intended to afford me gratification. I neither affect nor desire to be indifferent to praise, for it would be no advantage to arrive at that unsympathetic state which could render one careless about sympathy. Criticism is indeed unpalatable to me, as it can only tell me what I so well know already, and do not require to be told, as I would remedy the matter if I could.

"I have plenty of ambition and ardently desire to be useful in my generation, but I would prefer working silently and unnoticed, save by that amount of encouragement that would cheer my efforts when well directed and for the sake of their direction alone. To produce great things, one ought to be intent only upon doing one's utmost, and never stop to consider whether the thing be great or little in the abstract; the really great is so far beyond one's reach, that comparison becomes an unworthy consideration. To work with all one's heart, but with all singleness of heart, is the right thing, and who does this may feel satisfied, whatever the result of his labors may be. I in this instance would feel satisfied if I had been able to do my best, but many circumstances — want of health foremost amongst them — have prevented me from doing my best, so I cannot be contented. The utmost I can hope is that my work will not be a disgrace, and my hope is founded upon a steady rejection of small effects.

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If I have shown the way to better things, I shall be very well contented; but I neither expect nor desire that my work may be considered a great one. . . .

"Saying so much upon the subject will probably look very like vanity, and I confess that I feel conscious of some worth and that I do like to be estimated justly; but my pride is more hurt by over-estimation than by want of appreciation, and I am really humiliated by praise which is only due to perfect success. . . .

"Believe me to be, yours most sincerely,  
SIGNOR."

And so the end is reached. The last pages are refolded, the last sheets laid away. The brief glimpses which have been afforded of the lives and moods, lasting or transient, trivial or deep, of the men and women of yesterday, of to-day, and — may we add? — of to-morrow, are over. The records are once more laid aside of successes which, from the standpoint now reached, are perceived to have been, after all, failures; of failures which have received the tardy crown of success; of judgments reversed and decrees set aside. They, and all such, form the bequest which the present will soon make to the future, to become, subject to the general law which transforms the relics treasured by one generation in its shrines into the curiosities stored by the next in its museums, something possibly "rich and strange," but not what they are to us who handle them now. It is thus that we have dealt with other men's treasures; it is thus they will in their turn deal with ours. But when all is said and done we will not complain or lament over that past which is lost or that present which is soon to follow it.

"Where are the snows of yester-year?" Truly they are gone, but the flowers they covered flourish and the buds they protected bloom.  
I. A. TAYLOR.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

A VERY significant illustration of the growing esteem in which the colonies are held has been afforded by the recent illness and death of Sir John Macdonald. Not only has his loss been lamented from one end of the Dominion to the other, as the greatest calamity that has fallen upon the country in recent years, but there has been a widespread feeling in the United

Kingdom that one of our leading imperial statesmen has passed away; one whose guiding star was loyalty to the British connection, a sentiment that is shared by Canadians generally, and whose endeavor had been, throughout his long and interesting career, to make Canada, as he once himself expressed it, "the right arm of England and a powerful auxiliary to the empire." This feeling found expression in the memorial service recently held in Westminster Abbey, when the venerable building was filled by a large congregation anxious to show sympathy with their Canadian fellow-subjects, and, at the same time, to pay their tribute of respect to the statesman who did so much to develop the country with which he was personally connected, and to promote the closer union of the different parts of the empire. A study of the career of Sir John Macdonald is interesting from many points of view, but first and foremost it cannot fail to impress most people with the advantages a colonial life has offered in the past, and still offers to a more limited extent, to young men of capacity. In this connection, the case of the late premier is only one of many instances that might be given. Born without many social advantages, he was able by his intelligence, ability, and energy to progress step by step in political life, until he obtained the highest position that was open to him, and became the "uncrowned king" of the Dominion. The early days of the late premier may be passed over without much notice. Those who remember him at that time describe him as having, to use the words of one of his biographers, "a very intelligent and pleasing face, strange, fuzzy-looking hair that curled in a dark mass, and a striking nose." He accompanied his parents to Canada in 1821, having been born six years previously in Glasgow. From an early age he was destined, it is said, for the legal profession, his father having formed the idea that the growing province of Upper Canada would offer great scope for professional men. At school, though he showed no special aptitude for classics, he yet acquired a knowledge quite up to the average; but it was in mathematics that he displayed most talent, and in algebra and Euclid he was the show boy of the grammar school at Kingston. When about fifteen years of age he entered a local law office, and after six years of study was called to the bar before he was quite twenty-one; and he afterwards used to tell how he persuaded his father that he was of full age, although really he was some

months short of it. The next step was to start a law office on his own account; and as he was most attentive to his business, and, moreover, very diligent in any work he undertook, besides being very popular in the city and its neighborhood, he soon acquired the leading practice of the place, and his reputation was much increased by his efforts in the defence (although unsuccessful) of Von Schultz, who in 1838 headed an expedition into Canada from the United States. Later on he was joined in his business by Mr. (now Sir) Alexander Campbell, who has occupied many positions in various governments of Canada, and is at the present time the lieutenant-governor of Ontario; and subsequently Mr. Oliver Mowat, who is to-day the premier of Ontario, entered the office. The success of the three young men in question has caused the office to be described as the "nest of statesmen."

From the law office to the Legislature, for a man of his parts and growing reputation, was a natural transition in those days. Mr. Macdonald first became a member in 1844, and it may safely be said that in the forty-seven years that have elapsed since that event, no man has played a more prominent part in Canadian affairs. Indeed, any adequate account of his career — and it is to be hoped that one will, in course of time, be written — would necessarily be the history of old Canada up to 1867, and of the Dominion since that year. When the late premier first entered political life, the new state of things brought about by the Union Act of 1840 were only getting into working order, but already the germs of the difficulties, which subsequently resulted in the "deadlock" of which the formation of the Dominion was the outcome, had begun to appear. The young member at once took a prominent position in his party, and in three years became a member of the administration. The period that passed between that time and the initiation of the discussions which led up to confederation were of rather a humdrum character, although not without occasional excitement. The population of Upper Canada was increasing in a greater ratio than that of Lower Canada, but under the Constitution the representation of the two provinces in the House of Assembly remained the same. The French Canadians would not concur in the proposal that the number of members from Upper Canada should be increased; and there seemed to be no way out of the awkward situation that was created, under which progress and development were impossi-

ble. In the sixties, however, the question of the union of the maritime provinces was being advocated by Dr. Tupper (now Sir Charles Tupper) as a measure of defence in view of the then approaching termination of the Treaty of Reciprocity with the United States. Canada asked to be allowed to join in the discussions that were taking place, and it was in connection with this movement, which eventually led up to confederation, that Mr. Macdonald assumed the commanding position which made his name famous. The state of affairs at that time in Canada cannot better be described than in his own words at Halifax in 1864, after the return of the delegates from the Charlottetown Conference. He said: "For twenty long years I have been dragging myself through the dreary waste of colonial politics. I thought there was no end, nothing worthy of ambition, but now I see something that is well worthy of all I have suffered in the cause of my little country. This question has now assumed a position that demands and commands the attention of all colonists of British North America. There may be obstructions, legal difficulties may arise, local disputes may occur, local jealousies may intervene; but it matters not—the wheel is now revolving, and we are only the fly on the wheel, we cannot delay it—the union of the colonies of British America under one sovereign is a fixed fact. . . . We have arrived unanimously at the opinion that the union of the provinces is for the advantage of all, and that the only question that remains to be settled is whether that union can be arranged with a due regard to sectional and local interests. I have no doubt that such an arrangement can be effected, that every difficulty will be found susceptible of solution, and that the great project will be successfully and happily realized." This and other parts of the same speech are worthy of perusal by the statesmen of Australasia who are now engaged in considering the same problem of federation. It showed Mr. Macdonald to be a man of great force of character, with the breadth of mind necessary for dealing with a matter involving the future of British North America. It may be that he was not the originator of federation, but there is no doubt that the successful issue of the negotiations that preceded its accomplishment was largely owing to his tact, careful handling, knowledge of details, and those persuasive powers, which enabled him to reconcile the conflicting interests that seemed likely, more than once, to wreck

the scheme. The union was inaugurated by the British North America Act of 1867, and Mr. Macdonald was the premier of the first administration, receiving the honor of knighthood in recognition of his labors. It is well known that he has occupied the position continuously since that time, excepting during the period from 1873 to 1878, when the Liberal party was in office under the leadership of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

The name of Sir John Macdonald will be associated with many measures which have had a most marked effect upon a Canadian development, but it is not necessary to enter upon a discussion of them here. It may be mentioned, however, that for many years he was identified with the Indian Department, and always showed a deep interest in the red-man. Much of the great progress that has been witnessed among the Indians of the West is due to his efforts on their behalf, and it is only a few years ago since he extended the benefits of the franchise to those in the older provinces. He had the advantage of the co-operation of many colleagues almost as distinguished as himself, and he was always ready to give them their due share of credit for any of the achievements which were more particularly associated with his name as the leader of the government. There is little doubt, also, that he derived no small benefit from the active criticism of several eminent men, who, by force of circumstances, have long occupied the cold shade of opposition, although, as a rule, oppositions do not get the credit for their services that they often deserve. Apart from the acquisition of the Hudson Bay Territory, without which the Dominion in its present area would have been impossible, the most important measures with which, after Confederation, the administration of Sir John will be specially identified, are the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the initiation of the national policy. Both of these questions have been so much discussed that it is unnecessary to refer to them at any length, but no account of the career of the deceased statesman would be complete which avoided them. It has been said, with some truth, that the British North America Act was the foundation-stone of the future greatness of the Dominion, that the national policy was the means by which its internal and external development was stimulated, and that the Canadian Pacific Railway consolidated the union, which in the first place was more theoretical than

practical, and made it a tangible one, bringing the provinces into communication with each other, providing outlets for the produce of the country, both on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and opening up a new vista of expansion and enterprise. The imperial character of the work and its importance as a valuable alternative route to the West is now also fully recognized. It will be remembered that the rapid construction of the railway evoked considerable opposition at the time it was first mooted, as being too heavy a burden for the young Dominion to bear; but that it is now accepted as an indispensable national and imperial road, is the best evidence that could be given of the prescience and foresight of the late premier and his colleagues; and it is a source of general gratification that it was completed five years before the time stipulated in the contract. It is worthy of note that the annual payment of interest on the public debt of Canada, which in 1880 was 6s. 8d. per head, had only increased in 1890 to 6s. 10d., notwithstanding the expenditure incurred by the government in connection with the trans-continental railway and other public works having for their object the development of the resources of the Dominion. What is known as the national policy has also been almost removed from the sphere of disputable politics. The feeling against the higher duties (which the incidental protection involved) has largely died out, both in Canada and in this country. It is held to have developed the manufacturing industry and the inter-colonial trade of the Dominion, and the competition to which it led has had the effect of reducing the price of many articles of local consumption; and, besides, statistics prove that the imports of certain manufactured goods from Great Britain have increased, since the adoption of the new tariff. The desire for reciprocity with the United States is shared in by both political parties in the Dominion, although their views upon the subject are not similar; but the question is one of a controversial nature. It will be remembered that the trade relations with the neighboring republic formed the general battle-cry in the course of the recent elections, on which occasion the exertions of the late premier brought on a state of physical and nervous prostration, from which, with all his wonderful vitality, he could not recover.

There has always been considerable curiosity shown as to the views held by Sir John Macdonald on imperial federa-

tion, upon which question no one could speak with greater experience and authority than the "great confederator." That he had strong opinions respecting it is certain. He attended the conference held in London in November, 1884, when the Imperial Federation League was formed, and he moved the appointment of a general committee to manage its affairs. He was careful, however, not to commit himself to any particular scheme, although it is believed that he maintained till his death the general ideas which he formulated thirty years ago, and which have hardly received the attention they deserved. In 1861, speaking in the Canadian House of Commons, then sitting at Quebec, he stated that he hoped that Canada might remain united with the mother country forever, but that it was fast ceasing to be a dependency, and assuming the position of an ally of Great Britain. "In future," he said, "England would be the centre, surrounded and sustained by an alliance not only with Canada, but with Australia and all her other possessions; and there would thus be formed an immense confederation of freemen—the greatest confederacy of civilized and intelligent men that ever had an existence on the face of the globe."

On several occasions, he also declared that it would be mutually advantageous for the colonies and the mother country to extend preferential treatment to one another in trade matters. That his opinions upon these subjects are becoming more popular, is shown by the recent admission on the part of Lord Salisbury, that the questions could not be dissevered from that of the future of the empire. There is little doubt that he had the true conception of what imperial federation must be, and that in his utterance lies the solution of the problem—a galaxy of nations, under one sovereign, having complete local government, united together for commercial development, for offence and defence, and with one voice in foreign affairs. His imperialism was strong and unswerving, and formed the keynote of his career. When he declared in 1878 that should the British flag cease to fly over Canada he would immediately abandon the country, it was no mere formula; and the same remark applies to his more recent famous utterance, "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." As an independent Canadian paper said, on referring to his death, the last-named expression may have reflected somewhat harshly upon his opponents, "but he meant what he



said, for he had dedicated himself to the furtherance of the British idea on this continent, which we may well believe he regarded as the best basis for our national future."

One cannot help admiring the complete knowledge of men and the power of smoothing over difficulties which Sir John Macdonald possessed in a remarkable degree. As one of his biographers has said: "He was a determined ruler; yet so great was his tact, and so thorough was the confidence in his wisdom and skill, that he appeared only to guide when as a matter of fact he commanded. Few men of the day either here or in other countries have received or could well ask the homage and obedience which the Conservative party in Canada has willingly yielded its great leader." The position of premier in any democratic country, and especially in Canada, is not a bed of roses. Not only political but religious questions have to be considered; and apart from many other difficulties connected with finance and patronage, it is quite possible for the provincial governments to be controlled by the party opposed to that in power in the Dominion Parliament, which is the case in almost every province at the present time. In addition, the relations of the Dominion with the great republic to the south naturally require watchful care and attention, as will be readily understood by the student of Canadian history during the last few years. If any one deserved to be called an old parliamentary hand it was Sir John Macdonald. Canadian parties consist, as already mentioned, of representatives from every province, French and English Canadians, Orangemen and Catholics, as well as Anglicans and Dissenters, Prohibition men and non-Prohibition men — yet Sir John, although often brought face to face with differences that seemed likely to lead to difficulties, was able by the magnetism of his personality, by his popularity, and his wonderful tact, to overcome them, and keep his party together. As a speaker he was fluent, forcible, and effective, without being an orator, but he could retain the attention of an audience in a way that more brilliant speakers might envy. He had the faculty of discerning rapidly the weak points in an opponent's armor, which with his vein of humor and facility for turning things into ridicule, gave him unusual power as a debater. When the occasion demanded he could, however, be both argumentative and powerful, and would stand to his guns in the most determined manner, which is

the best answer to those who have said that he was always ready to yield with a view to retaining place and power. No better illustration of his firmness could be afforded than the agitation that occurred in connection with the trial and sentence of Riel in 1885. His speeches on the Washington Treaty of 1871, and on what is known as the Pacific scandal, were masterpieces of their kind. It has been said of him that "although he has dealt hard thrusts to opponents he has put no poison upon his blade, and some of those who have not been able to agree with the popular policy of the late premier, and have given him thrusts which have generally been repaid with interest, are among his warmest personal friends." In his earlier days he was apt to be scornful and contemptuous in dealing with his opponents, but this was not noticeable to any extent in the later years of his life. In 1850 he introduced a bill relating to the medical profession which met with considerable opposition, and led him to make the following remarks: "Mr. Speaker, if the solicitor-general is to be logical and consistent, after he has opposed my bill, in view of what it aims to do — and its scope and aims are not denied — he ought to introduce a bill to legalize murder." The last speech he made in Parliament the day before he was struck down with his fatal illness, was in reply to a criticism of the part taken by the high commissioner in the recent elections; and in response to the question as to who requested Sir Charles Tupper to go out, Sir John said that the high commissioner had come out at his special request, in order that the party might have the benefit of his skill, wisdom, and eloquence, and that in consequence of his speech at Kingston (the premier's own constituency), his majority had been increased from seventeen to five hundred. On the stump he was a great success. His speeches on those occasions were a mixture of sound common sense and humorous banter; he was always on the best possible terms with his hearers, and his visits were remembered in the localities long afterwards.

To form any idea of the magnitude of the work with which Sir John's life has been identified, it is necessary to know something of the condition of Canada fifty years ago as well as its condition to-day. British North America was then divided into four separate colonies — Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, all as separate and distinct from each other as



Canada and Australia are now. They had hostile tariffs, there was no united action, no concert, and no strength. There was no communication except by water between the maritime provinces and Canada, and only sixteen miles of railway were in operation in the whole country. The territory between the great lakes and the Pacific was in the possession and under the control of the Hudson Bay Company, given up to the Indians, and to the buffalo and other fur-bearing animals — in fact, a *terra incognita* to all except a few officials of the Hudson Bay Company. Manitoba was not thought of, even British Columbia was not formed into a province until fourteen years afterwards, and if the possibility of a railway across the continent was ever spoken of at all, it was only as a dream, and not as a practical, or even as a sane idea. What a different state of things prevails now! All the provinces are united by railway (there are about thirteen thousand miles of line in operation in the Dominion); there is a most complete system of inland navigation; free trade prevails from the Atlantic to the Pacific; commerce and shipping have been developed in a way that was never imagined; while the social condition of the people will compare with that of any other country in the world. The area of the Dominion has been extended, in a manner that is really remarkable, by the union, and by the acquisition of the Hudson Bay territory. The prairies of Manitoba and the North-West have been made accessible and available for many millions of people, who will in the future find there the happy homes which the crowded state of the Old World denies to them. British Columbia is within ninety hours of Montreal and the telegraph wire spans the continent. Several lines of steamers ply regularly to and from Canada and Great Britain and the Continent, and it is hoped that before long the mail service will be equal to any now crossing the Atlantic. Fast steamers subsidized by the imperial and dominion governments pass regularly between China, Japan, and British Columbia, and it is believed that in the near future, as the consequence of the liberal subsidies granted by the Canadian Parliament, there will be direct steamship communication between British Columbia and Australia, and a cable connecting the two countries. In comparing the condition of Canada now with its condition fifty years ago it must be remembered that the union took place less than twenty-five years ago, and that most of the developments to

which attention has been directed have taken place in the latter period. There are some who think that Canada should have progressed more rapidly than she has done, but it is difficult to satisfy everybody. Although Confederation dates from 1867, there was no railway communication between Ontario and Winnipeg, except through the United States, until 1882, and no through communication by rail until 1885. The railway across the continent was completed in the latter year, and opened in 1886, or five years ago.

The expansion of any country is necessarily bound up in two factors nowadays — means of communication and population. It could easily be shown by statistics that immense progress has been made in all directions and in every province since confederation, but it is nothing to the advance which will be witnessed in the early future. It is only within the last few years that the vast resources of the Dominion have been placed in a position to enable them to be properly developed. Manitoba and the North-West can now be reached as quickly as, and cheaper than any other country in the world that is inviting immigration. Land can be obtained for nothing, and its fertility is unquestioned, while the climate is now recognized as perfectly healthy and favorable to agricultural operations. There are also large areas in the older provinces waiting to be occupied; and improved farms can be obtained there by persons, with some means, who desire to retain the social amenities to which they have been accustomed. The increasing population which these advantages is sure to attract will require the manufactures of Great Britain, and will send in return additional supplies of grain, farm and dairy produce, cattle, and fruit, of which the larger proportion is now imported from countries outside the empire. In addition, the resources she possesses in the two oceans which wash her shores, in her forests, in the mineral deposits both of eastern Canada and of the West, in the limitless riches of the Rocky Mountains north of the boundary line, remain to be exploited and made available to a greater extent than at present for the use of mankind. All this affords promise of such wealth, strength, and power, that it is no wonder Canadians turn a deaf ear to the wiles of Uncle Sam, preferring to maintain their individuality, and to work out themselves the destiny which they believe to be before their country. It is this thorough belief in Canada, and in her resources and capabilities, that has always stimulated

and inspired the leading statesmen of the Dominion, and is responsible for the wonderful transformation which has been referred to. Sir John was able to say, with pardonable pride, at a banquet given to him in London six years ago: "I have sat at the cradle of that strong bantling, the confederation of the Dominion of Canada. The bantling, always a hopeful one, is no longer a child; it has grown up to manly youth, and it has such a promising vitality that if there were such a thing as a political insurance company, I am quite sure it would insure the life of the Dominion at a nominal premium."

Few could be found to deny the assertion that Sir John Macdonald was the most popular man in Canada. No man had fewer enemies, and, politics apart, he had as many friends among the opposition as in his own party. The secret of his popularity lay in his geniality; he was the most approachable of men, kind and sympathetic to a degree, with a smile and a bright word for everybody, and friendship with him meant attachment for a lifetime. The various appellations by which he was known give a very good indication of the affection which he seemed to inspire, for it was a rare thing to hear him spoken of among the people as Sir John Macdonald. It was always "John A.," "Sir John," "the Chieftain," or "the Old Man," and even his opponents did not call him anything worse than "Old To-morrow," from his habit of putting off inconvenient things as long as possible, or until they settled themselves. Frequently in the house, asked when certain things would be done, or papers brought down, he would laconically reply, "To-morrow," which answer, from his way of giving it and the accompanying twinkle in his eye, invariably raised a laugh. He was never the "old man in a hurry;" like most eminent statesmen, he was an opportunist, never forcing affairs, until the time was ripe for change; but when promptness was necessary he was never found wanting in that respect. He had one of those enviable temperaments which enable a man to throw off the cares and troubles of official life; and on one occasion, during a political crisis and an anxious time, when a friend was sympathizing with him, he said that the matter did not bother him so much as to affect his night's rest. Then again, he always contrived to attract young men to him, for notwithstanding his years, his spirits, until nearly the last, were buoyant and lively, and it must be remembered that "young Canada" is a voting factor, and that with

it rests the future of the country he loved so well. It is not, therefore, surprising that "the Old Man" should use every endeavor to influence the coming generation to carry out the main policy with which his life had been identified. With children, too, he was a great favorite, and it was an interesting sight to see the zest with which he joined in the romps and dances of the juveniles at the periodical parties which were held at Earnscliff. Many stories are told of the way in which he used to deal with importunate friends. It is said of him that he promised one particular appointment to no less than a dozen applicants. Even if it were true, there might be some excuse for him, for the life of a minister, and especially that of the premier, cannot be a happy one in such circumstances. The probability, however, is that there was no direct promise, although the seekers after office might have gone away with that impression. As a reader he was omnivorous; every new book of note that came out he contrived to read, and it seemed an easy task for him to get all the pith out of a volume in a very short time, and to retain it in his memory. His power of quotation was remarkable, and he could hold his own with any one in Canada in a contest of that kind. As a result of this facility, he had an extensive repertoire of anecdotes which he was fond of repeating on appropriate occasions, and he was so good a *raconteur* that they lost nothing by his telling. As many stories are attributed to him as to Abraham Lincoln, and he met so many people that he was full of most interesting reminiscences. Many a man who has gone to see Sir John with rather ruffled feelings has lost his anger or annoyance as soon as he entered the door of his room, either in the Parliament Buildings or at Earnscliff, so contagious was his cheeriness. Greeted heartily, told a good story, or several of them (all his personal friends who got hold of a good story made a point of sending it to Sir John), a pleasant quarter of an hour would be spent and good-bye said, before any business could be entered upon. Practical joking he had an especial fondness for, as a young man, and not the least amusing of the stories told of him in this connection related to a letter of introduction of a jocular character given to him and some companions by an old friend to the proprietor of an hotel in a place to which he was proceeding. It stated that John A. and two or three companions were going to pay him a visit, that he was to look after them, but to be sure that they paid, and

paid well, for everything they might have. Imitating handwriting was one of young Macdonald's accomplishments, and a post-script to the effect that the writer had changed his mind, that he wished them to have as much champagne as they could drink, and the account to be sent to him, was soon added. The writing and the signature being perfectly imitated, it quite deceived the hotel proprietor, who complied literally with the request in the addendum. Sir John's handwriting was exceedingly neat, and the number of letters he was accustomed to write himself was remarkable; in this respect he somewhat resembled Mr. Gladstone, and the wonder is how he found the time. With the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate he was always on good terms. Passing along the street to his office one morning just before the dissolution of Parliament in February last, he was asked by a reporter when the dissolution was to take place, to which he replied that as he had not yet seen the papers he did not quite know; and that they generally settled such questions for him. It is usually considered that he showed some facial resemblance to Lord Beaconsfield, and he was once asked by a friend if he thought so himself. He answered jocularly that he supposed it was a great compliment to pay him, but that up to that time he had thought himself passably good-looking. In another respect he resembled the lord of Hughenden, as he was somewhat of a dandy, without, however, going to any extremes; he had a great partiality for a red necktie, and was rarely without one.

The old inhabitants of Kingston have many stories to tell of Sir John. When he was first elected an alderman for that city, the electors shouldered him and some friends, on a slight platform, so that they were all capsized. The slush was deep on the ground, and as he brushed his clothes he said, to the amusement of the crowd, "Isn't it strange that I should have a downfall so soon?" That he was not without personal courage is shown by the following anecdote. During a serious fire in Kingston he turned out with the firemen to help to extinguish the flames, which were, however, raging so furiously that the hosemen could not get near enough. He nailed together some boards, so as to make a temporary shield, when some one came to him and said that there were several kegs of powder in the cellar and that if they did not get away they would all be blown to pieces. "For goodness' sake," he replied, "don't make it

known, or we will be left alone, and there is no telling how the fire will spread." However, the fire was put out, and there was no explosion. Although the late premier had a keen sense of the ridiculous, he had his pathetic side as well. Probably the most affecting scene ever witnessed in the House of Commons at Ottawa was on the occasion of the death, a few years ago, of the Hon. Thomas White, the minister of the interior, an old and valued friend. Sir John came down to the House to make the announcement. Several times he essayed to speak, but could not get beyond the words, "Mr. Speaker;" his feelings at last overcame him, and he sank upon his desk and sobbed aloud. Very general sympathy will be felt for Lady Macdonald, who shared his joys and his sorrows for twenty-four years, in the loss that has fallen upon her and upon the country. In Ottawa, and indeed in every part of the country, there will be thousands who will feel that they have lost a near friend in Sir John. It is well known that he died a comparatively poor man. He once said that if he had not been fool enough to leave the honest profession of the law for a political life he might have been rich.

The anxiety with which the course of his recent illness was watched shows more eloquently than any words the appreciation in which he was held in Canada, and the affection which he inspired. The bulletins were looked for with feverish interest; all the papers devoted columns to his daily condition; the bells on the street cars in the neighborhood of Earnscliffe, and the whistles of the steamers on the Ottawa River, were silenced so that they might not disturb the sufferer; and the crowd, which was not allowed to approach near the house, but which was always waiting within reach to hear the latest news, spoke only in whispers. The daily messages of inquiry sent by the queen gave much gratification in Canada, and afforded further proof, although none was wanting, of the great interest which her Majesty always shows in anything that affects her subjects in the colonies. It is worthy of notice that the last communication he dictated was one to the Princess Louise, a week before the end, in answer to a telegraphic inquiry, stating that he was "quite out of danger." The legacy which he has left to his successors, in the position of Canada to-day, with a past of progress and a future of great potentialities, is a more enduring monument than any which could be erected in his honor.

No better epitaph could be inscribed on the tomb of the late premier than his own words in the House of Commons in 1873: "There does not exist in Canada a man who has given more of his time, more of his heart, more of his wealth, or more of his intellect and power, such as they may be, for the good of this Dominion of Canada." J. G. COLMER.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
WOODLANDS.

Linguenta tellus et domus et placens  
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum  
Te, præter invisas cupressus,  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

HORACE was less likely than any one else to be insensible to the pathos of one of the most touching sights that can be witnessed — that of an old man laying out plantations of which he cannot hope to enjoy the shelter — and in the lines quoted above he has touched on the consideration which, more than any other, might discourage the planting of trees: —

Thy lands, and home, and charming wife  
Must all be left with parting life,  
And, save the bough abhorred  
Of monumental cypress, none  
Of all the trees thy care hath grown  
Follow their short-lived lord.

It *would* have discouraged and put an end to it altogether were men influenced only by selfish motives; but happily the instincts of race are as strong as those of the individual, and we are eager to do many things of which the fruits can only be enjoyed by generations unborn. It may be claimed for our country gentlemen, that they have diligently (though not altogether discreetly, as is proposed to be shown) carried out the advice given by the Laird of Dumbiedykes to his son: "Be aye stickin' in a tree, Jock; it'll aye be growin' while you're sleepin';" woods are reckoned as indispensable to the furnishing of a country house as carpets and pictures; and, on the whole, the efforts of the last three generations to repair the waste of their spendthrift forerunners have been creditable and fairly successful. Leaving Ireland out of account for the moment (for in that country agrarian questions have interfered with replanting the land), the vast increase in the people's wealth has told with marked effect on the landscape, so that, considering the density of our population and the consequent value of agricultural land, it is remarkable how much

of the latter is devoted to the growth of timber.

Indeed, to one surveying the noble prospect from Richmond Hill or Wimbledon Common, it might well seem that he was in a thoroughly silvan country. Ridge rises beyond ridge of foliage on the south, west, and north-west, so closely that there seems no space for the breadths of pasture and grain revealed on a closer acquaintance. Yet when it is shown that of 76,323,203 acres in the United Kingdom only 2,788,000, equal to 3·29 per cent., are under wood, it is apparent that of all European States ours contains the smallest proportion of forest. How puny it seems compared to the mighty tracts of Russia-in-Europe, which, out of a total area of 1,244,367,357 acres, returns no less than 527,426,510, or 42·38 per cent., as woodland! The extents in the other principal countries of Europe are as follows: —

	Total area Acres	Woods Acres
Austria .	74,106,022	24,150,213
Hungary .	79,617,286	22,552,646
Belgium .	7,275,916	1,268,875
Denmark .	9,347,443	507,016
France .	130,557,281	20,746,914
Germany .	133,441,960	34,353,743
Holland .	7,800,505	562,009
Italy .	70,787,236	10,266,310
Norway .	76,716,965	19,167,200
Sweden .	100,260,443	43,953,504

In spite, however, of the trifling extent of British woodland, ours does not strike the traveller as a treeless country; trees are scattered so generally over the surface of these islands — of England at least — as to give the impression of a greater wealth of wood than in countries really possessed of a larger proportion, where the forests are generally massed on mountain flanks. Trees are still the chief feature in the scenery of our plains. The hill districts, for the most part, are bare enough; their native pines have long ago been cleared away; countless sheep browse the grass so closely that nothing taller than a rush-bush can rise. But it is from woods and waters that our lowland landscapes mainly derive their grace. Statistics take no account of wayside or hedge-row timber, of the foliage that fringes innumerable streams or flings cool shadows over the sunburnt sward of the churchyard. Coal is so plentiful and cheap with us, that there is no need to lop trees for firing, a practice to which much of the monotony of French scenery is due.

And it is not only in rural England that trees enrich the landscape. In London

itself — grimed, fog-smothered, overgrown London — it is extremely difficult to find a street, standing in some part of which — either at one end or looking down some side-opening — one cannot rest the eye on foliage. "Gently there!" perhaps the reader exclaims, believing that he can name a dozen streets where not the ghost of a tree is visible; nevertheless, one who is condemned to live more than half the year in London has often tried to find such a street, hitherto without success. Any one who cares to repeat the experiment will discover that the same instinct that prompts men to embosom their country homes in greenery, has caused them to stick in a tree wherever a courtyard or a street somewhat wider than usual affords a chance of its growing.

It was not always so. As in other countries so in this, the first object of civilized man was to get rid of the trees. During the four centuries of Roman occupation the dense forest clothing almost the whole surface of the island was broken up, and entirely cleared away from large tracts. The denudation was most complete in the Scottish lowlands and northern England, because there strategic reasons long remained paramount, whereas in the southern and midland provinces the foreigners dwelt long enough to spend money and time in planting and preserving woods. Thus the "haning" or preservation of growing wood was the object of some of the earliest Scottish legislation, the forest laws of William the Lion having been devised almost as much for the protection of trees as of game.

Gif the forestier or wiridier [verderer] finds anie man without the principall wode, but yit within the pale, heueand dune ane aik tree [hewing down an oak] . . . he sould attach him.

Four centuries later, in 1513, the Parliament of James the Fifth enacts

that everie man, Spirituall and Temporall, havand ane hundreth pounce land . . . quhair there is na wooddes or forrestes, plant woodde and forrest and make hedges . . . in place maist convenient; And that they cause everie tennent of their landes . . . to plant vpon their on-set (holding) yeirly, for everie marke land, ane tree.

Many traces of this legislation may be recognized to this day in the scenery of Scotland. In every district round old houses or house-sites stand aged ash-trees, the planting of which was specially encouraged for the manufacture of pike-staves, the pike being the national weapon

of Scotsmen, as the yew-bow was of Englishmen.

In spite of this legislative forethought, trees continued to disappear from Scotland, till at the time of the union with England all but a few shreds of the ancient Caledonian forest had been swept away. But the eighteenth century witnessed a great change. Scotland had hitherto been a byword for poverty among the nations; one war with her powerful rival used scarcely to draw to a close ere she had to prepare for another; her people had neither leisure nor means to develop the resources of their land. But with the union came peace, and with peace wealth began to accumulate, so that by the year 1812 it was reckoned that there were four hundred thousand acres of woodland in Scotland, consisting partly of the remains of natural forest and partly of new plantation. A pathetic monument of the good intentions of one great Highland chief in this respect still remains. Just before the rising in 1745, Cameron of Lochiel received a quantity of young trees for planting round Achnacarry, his principal seat; when the summons came for the clan to join the standard of Charles Edward, the plants were hurriedly heeled-in in long lines to await the return of peaceful times. But the men who were to have set them out "came back to Lochaber no more;" the saplings struggled into growth in the trenches as best they could, and there they stand to this day, a double row of beeches, their silvery stems so closely crowded that a man may hardly force his body between some of them, and under the dark canopy of foliage, the outer boughs of which trail in the swift-running Arkaig, there broods a green twilight the long summer through.

Of the natural wood remaining in Scotland in 1812, two hundred thousand acres, if we are to believe in the accuracy of the returns, had disappeared fifty years later. Still, planting has been carried on with energy in the north, so much so that, although Dr. Johnson avowed that in his Scottish tour he had only noticed three trees big enough to hang a man on,\* it is a Scottish county that now contains the largest extent of wood of any in the United Kingdom. The four counties which head the list in the agricultural returns for 1888 are as follows:—

Inverness . .	162,795 acres of wood
Surrey . . .	114,375 "
Hants . . .	111,863 "
Aberdeen . .	106,677 "

\* One of these, a sycamore at Ellon, was blown down in 1873.



All this good work has been carried out without legislative interference, for it does not appear that any statute affecting the lands of private owners has been passed for either kingdom since 6 James VI. c. 84, which re-enacts "sindrie louabil and gud Acts" of that king's predecessors. But in 1885 a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed on the motion of Sir John Lubbock, "to consider whether by the establishment of a forest school, or otherwise, our woodlands could be rendered more remunerative." The inquiry having been interrupted by the general elections of 1885 and 1886, it was not till 1887 that the committee reported. Out of a total area of 76,323,203 acres in the United Kingdom, the committee estimates that 2,788,000 acres were woodland, distributed thus:—

England . . . .	1,466,000 acres
Wales . . . .	163,000 "
Scotland . . . .	829,000 "
Ireland . . . .	330,000 "

They declared themselves

satisfied that . . . the management of our woodlands might be materially improved . . . and that some considerable proportion of the timber now imported—to the (annual) value of 16,000,000<sup>\*</sup>—might, under more skilful management, be raised at home.

The committee points out that, whereas nearly every other civilized State possesses one or more forest schools, there exists in this country (although it boasts a Department of Woods and Forests) no organized system of forestry instruction, except in connection with the Indian service. They unanimously agree in recommending the establishment of a Forest Board, of which the main functions should be the establishment or direction of forest schools, or, at least, a course of instruction and examination in forestry.

To most people the estimate formed by the committee of the expenses of this establishment will appear fantastically disproportioned to its importance; in stating that it would probably not exceed 500<sup>l</sup>. a year (a cost which they suggest may be considerably reduced by fees for diplomas) they seem to be anxious to lull the apprehensions of the secretary to the treasury. Clearly, if technical training of woodmen could be secured at such a trifling expense, it could easily be done without troubling the government at all, by the class most

directly interested—namely, the landowners. But if it be the case that in our woodlands, and in land capable of growing timber, the nation possesses a source of much dormant wealth, then, in view of the haphazard, wasteful management, the ignorance and want of system proved to exist by the evidence received by the select committee, it is not surprising that the aid of the State should be invoked to provide instruction how to develop it.

Far short, however, of insisting upon the interference of the government and the establishment of a national forestry school supported out of public moneys, it would not seem unreasonable to look to the State for an example in the management of its own forests. Unhappily, it offers none but the worst. Witness the account of the New Forest given before the select committee by Mr. Lascelles, the deputy surveyor. In this great tract of forest land, extending to between sixty and seventy thousand acres—

There are to be seen [he said], by the student of forestry, over 40,000 acres of waste land lying idle and worthless. But by s. 5 of the Act of 1877 *no planting may be done there*. He will see several fine plantations of oak, which are not only ripe and mature, but which are going back rapidly, and he will wonder why the crop is not realized and the ground replanted, till he is referred to Clause 6 of the same act, by which he will see that ground may not be cleared of the crop. Last, and worst of all, he will see some 4,500 acres of the most beautiful old woods in the country, most of which are dying back and steadily going to wreck and ruin. But here again absolutely nothing can be done. . . . It is sad to see them dying out, when all that is required to preserve them for future generations is to imitate the wisdom of those who made them at first, and by simply protecting—by enclosing them and removing dead trees—leave nature to perpetuate them. . . . Those who framed the New Forest Act of 1877 desired to conserve these old woods, but their zeal seems to have carried them so far as to defeat the object they had in view; and I cannot but think that, had forestry been a science commonly taught in the past, as I trust it may be in the future, owing to this inquiry, no such clause could ever have found a place in an act of Parliament dealing with woodlands.

Parliament in a melting mood is prone to pile it rather high. Two motives, equally amiable, inspired the act of 1877—namely, philanthropy and love of scenery. The first prevailed to have the rights of the commoners prodigiously increased at the expense of the crown; the extension of common grazing put an end absolutely to the process of natural reproduction of

\* There are imported annually, in addition to timber, forest products of the value of about 14,000,000<sup>l</sup>; but of course much of this is of a nature that could not be produced in this country.

wood. The second promoted an attempt at landscape gardening on an heroic scale—a luxury to which a wealthy empire may be held fairly entitled; but the method prescribed defeated the object in view. No one who has followed the footsteps of Charles Kingsley through the glades of that venerable forest, who has sheltered himself from the midday heat under the massive shade of its immemorial oaks, or watched the sunbeams slanting between the grey beech boles, and lying in golden lakelets on the carpet of fallen leaves, would sanction use of sacrilegious axe among these silvan patriarchs. There are ancient groves and isolated groups here and there through the forest over which Parliament does well to throw its ægis, but there is also a vast deal of useless rubbish which should be cleared away to make room for vigorous growth. To forbid all interference with old and decaying trees is about as reasonable as to object to the necessary repairs on Windsor Castle because it would be much more picturesque in a state of ruin; yet that is the course passionately advocated by Mr. Auberon Herbert in a recently published article.

We want to prevent [he says], *under any excuse whatever*, the cutting of trees in them [the old groves], the fencing of them round, which has long been an official project for bringing them completely under official control, and, above all, the planting of new and fanciful [*sic*] species of trees which are not indigenous to the forest.

Now, in favor of the last of these conditions a good deal may be said. It may be reasonably contended that the whole area should be strictly maintained as a forest of English trees) though Mr. Herbert seems to have forgotten that it is doubtful if the beech is a native of this country) to the exclusion of all foreigners. At the same time it must be remembered that this would make it almost useless as a school of economic forestry, of which not the least important function is the testing of exotic species. But the first condition—that of non-interference—condemns the forest, as similar treatment condemns a cathedral, to the sequence of two disasters—complete dilapidation leading to drastic restoration; and the second, by which fencing as a protection from grazing by the commoners' beasts is prohibited, would prevent natural reproduction, which constitutes the essential difference between forest and plantation.

Even on the purely æsthetic and sentimental grounds advocated by Mr. Herbert,

there is more to be gained from intelligent management than from his system of deliberate neglect; for what landscape yields more constant views of beauty and interest than a woodland, with fold upon fold of trees in all stages of growth, and the ever-varying scenes of forest industry—felling, carting, barking, burning?—a woodland, mark you, as distinguished from a plantation. The British woodman's sole idea is cutting down and replanting; but in Continental forests, though breadths are periodically felled, the old trees are replaced, not by formal planting, but by the natural growth of self-sown saplings. Woods thus treated possess in all stages of their growth beauty which mere plantations can never rival, but this system is absolutely incompatible with common rights of grazing and turbary.

In the management of the New Forest, Parliament in its wisdom has prohibited both systems. The idea was to keep the forest in the state it was at the time the act was passed; the irreverent action of time and storm has been utterly ignored. The net result is that out of about sixty-three thousand acres comprised in the New Forest, seventeen thousand six hundred consist of plantations made under former acts of Parliament; forty-six hundred of old and decaying wood, to replace which, as it dies out, no provision has been made; the remainder, upwards of forty-six thousand acres, lies practically waste, being common pasture of the poorest possible description. It has been decreed that this great tract of land shall be kept, as Mr. Lascelles expresses it, as a "vast pleasure-ground, combined with a cattle farm;" which makes it utterly worthless as a school of forestry.

Another State woodland, the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, extending to twenty-five thousand acres, is managed on commercial principles—that is to say, the wood is grown and cut with a view to the market rather than the landscape; but for some years the management has shown no profit—indeed, for the two or three years preceding 1887, Sir James Campbell, the manager under the Woods and Forests Department, stated that the sales had not covered the expenses. This is the reverse of encouraging to those who see in the great unreclaimed wastes of Scotland and Ireland a field for profitable forestry, but it is well to remember that the Forest of Dean is mainly composed of oak, partly treated as coppice, the price of which is liable to heavy fluctuation, and partly for the growth of trees which are exceedingly

slow in coming to maturity. No private landowner would now dream of planting oak with a view to profit, and in days when our war-ships are built mainly of iron backed by teak, the policy which led the State to maintain oak forests is obsolete.

One other great State woodland there is in our country, namely, Windsor Forest, covering fourteen thousand acres; but this is an example rather of splendid arboriculture than economic forestry.

Turning once more to the report of the select committee, we read that, in their opinion,

apart from the question of actual profit derived from tree-planting, its importance as an accessory to agriculture is shown by the effects which woods have in affording shelter and improving the climate . . . whilst on public and national grounds timber-cultivation on a more scientific system should be encouraged. Landowners might make their woods more remunerative were greater attention paid to the selection of trees suitable to different soils and to more skilful management after the trees are planted.

One chief hindrance to our woodlands being remunerative may be stated at once — we are arboriculturists and sportsmen, not foresters. A large proportion of the land returned as woodland is really pleasure-ground and game-cover. Thousands of landowners follow on a smaller scale the example set by the State on a larger in the New Forest and Windsor Forest. Mixed planting is generally practised, in sharp contrast to what Continental foresters call "pure forest" — that is a woodland composed of one species of tree. This is in itself a hindrance to profitable management, because pure forest is much more easily tended than mixed plantation, and the timber is more readily marketable. Two causes chiefly have led to mixed planting becoming almost universal in this country: the first is the use of fast-growing trees as nurses to others, and in order to keep down the weeds. Want of system leads to irregularity in thinning out the nurses, which often remain to compete with what was intended to be the permanent wood, and the result is a mixed plantation. The other cause exists in the idea that a variety of foliage yields more picturesque effects than a uniform kind, and planting with us is still inseparable from a notion of luxury and ornament.

Even on those estates where trees are grown as a crop, the system of "cut and replant" (or *not* replant, as the case may be) is at painful variance with the Conti-

mental custom of "cut and come again" — *i.e.*, that of natural reproduction. M. Boppe, inspector of French forests, in his report of a professional tour in this country, describes the generally unfavorable impression made on his mind by the economic management of British woods, though he speaks enthusiastically of our skill in arboriculture as shown in the production of fine specimens and ornamental planting.

When the time arrives for the trees to be cut down, or should they be uprooted by a hurricane, the forest disappears in its entirety, owing to the total want of young growth which is necessary as a link between the old forest and the new one which ought to be created. . . . We saw the remains of a noble forest [in Scotland], which some twenty years ago had been cut down and converted into railway sleepers. The sight of the huge stumps, blackened by time, with their gnarled roots twisting themselves over the ground, gave us the idea of some vast charnel-house. This scene of utter ruin was indeed a sad spectacle, though the present proprietor is doing his best to cover again his estate with timber. With a better system he might have been spared both time and expense.

Happily M. Boppe is able to point to isolated instances of better management in the same district.

It is easy in Scotland to perpetuate a forest by natural means, and of this a practical proof was given us in two forests which we visited: one near Grantown, in Strathspey, the other at Beaulieu. In these the results obtained under the skilful and intelligent direction of the gentlemen who manage these forests for their employers form a striking example of what may be done in the way of reproducing forests by natural means. In fact nothing had been neglected which even the most critical forester could desire. The gradation of age was here complete, and the reservation of specially vigorous trees, of known pedigree, duly carried out. The *modus operandi* consists in the exclusion of sheep and deer, in judiciously thinning out the growing crop, and in the removal of mature, seed-bearing trees by successive fellings as the young forest grows up and acquires more vigor.

It is tantalizing to think of the hundreds of thousands of acres which might be so treated in Scotland alone, to the enhancement of her beauty and the improvement of her climate; but it is almost hopeless to look for a general and early change in this direction, which would imply that landowners must forego their yearly rents from deer-forests, sheep-grazings, and grouse-moors. Deer and sheep will not permit trees to grow, and trees, in their

turn, make the land uninhabitable by grouse.

The question remains, Is it worth while invoking the interference of the legislature to promote the instruction of foresters? The select committee answers ay, and point to the almost universal absence of skill and system among those charged with the management of woods. Mr. Britton, a wood valuer on a large scale, well acquainted with Wales, Herefordshire, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, and the principal timber-producing counties, was asked his opinion about the quality of management. "Generally speaking," he replied, "there seems to be no system. I am acquainted with a great many of the land-agents in all these counties, and they are not men who understand the management of woods; and, of course, the workmen, or woodmen as they call them, have no one to give them instruction with reference to thinning." Asked if he found that many land-agents possessed a practical knowledge of forestry, "Very few," he answered; "in all my experience, I think I could pretty well count them on my fingers' ends. . . . The general result I have come to is that very few land-agents know anything of forestry, or very little."

It requires but a moderate knowledge of the craft to enable one travelling through this country to recognize the natural result of this state of things. Woods utterly neglected are a common sight; in some, the want of regular thinning has caused the trees to be drawn up into wretched, weakly things; to others resort is had without method to supply timber for estate purposes; saplings, being allowed to grow up with two or more leaders, make deformed and worthless trees, which timely use of the knife might have trained into serviceable and sightly timber. In short, the general treatment is such as might be expected, seeing that land-agents generally are encouraged to regard woods as an expensive luxury, a fad of the landowner.

In certain counties, useful and economical practices prevail which are wholly unknown in others, to which it is worth taking some pains to introduce them. For example, the convenient little faggots, locally called "pimps" in Surrey, made of small brushwood bound together with a green withe, are unknown in the North. They do not seem even to have made their way into London, whose countless fires are kindled by the much less effective faggots of split wood. About twenty years ago, a landowner, in one of the counties of southern Scotland, obtained a couple of

Surrey "pimps" and made his forester employ some superannuated hands in imitating them; and each year since, on that estate, several cartloads of small branches, which would otherwise have gone to waste, have been worked up into pimps—the best and most-convenient kindling possible for household use. But the example has not been followed by his neighbors, who still use split wood and shavings, though the labor of splitting the wood is much greater than binding the brush into pimps, not to mention the waste of good material. The pimps soon find favor with housemaids, for they have this advantage over faggots of split wood, that they kindle much more readily, bursting into a blaze at once, whereas a fire laid with the larger sticks often requires rekindling.

This is a trivial instance of the economic use of forest product, of which the knowledge would, no doubt, be diffused by the establishment of forest schools; but considering how far and how frequently people travel, it seems unnecessary to call on the State to provide them. Continental experts, trained in countries where coal fires in private houses are unknown, and every stick is husbanded for fuel, look with amazement on our neglect of what is so precious in their sight. Some time ago fuel in Paris rose to a high price; one of the French comic papers had a caricature of a gentleman presenting a lady with a wedding present, the most costly he could procure, namely—*un fagot de bois*. Much of what we allow to go to waste might be made to afford employment to a number of hands in the country, and, so far, help to stem the resistless current that sweeps our rural population into the towns. Take, for instance, this matter of pimps—admitted it is a trivial one, but admit also that kindling material is a necessity in every household; probably it cannot be had for town mansions at less than a halfpenny for each fire. The following account is based on the moderate estimate that pimps can be made at the rate of thirty per hour (an industrious worker can produce a third more):—

<i>Expenditure.</i>		£	s.
Wages of a worker at 3s. a day, 310 days		46	10
Cost of brushwood			<i>nil</i>
Carting brushwood, 310 carts at 1s.		15	10
Knives, gloves, etc.		2	0
Carriage, say		5	0
Balance profit		5	4
		74	4

## Receipts.

74,400

output of one worker, 8 hours  
a day for 310 days at the rate  
of 30 faggots an hour, to be  
sold at 2s. a hundred, carriage  
paid . . . . .

£ s.

74 4

74 4

Showing a net profit of 5*l.* 4*s.* on an out-  
lay of 69*l.*, or about 7*l.* 10*s.* per cent.,  
which must be considered a handsome  
return from material now burnt as waste.

To return to the question submitted to  
the select committee, "whether by the  
establishment of a forest school or other-  
wise our woodlands could be rendered  
more remunerative;" it is clear that the  
creation of a new government department  
would tend to a better diffused knowledge  
of economic forestry and more uniform  
scientific management of woodland; but  
two circumstances have to be taken into  
account before the recommendation of the  
select committee is acted on. First of  
all, then, is the fact that forestry in this  
country is at present of less importance  
than in any other, owing to the small pro-  
portion of woodland to the total area, and  
to the habit of treating much of the exist-  
ing woodland as chace and pleasure  
ground. It would be a novel departure to  
create a department for the administration  
of that which, practically, has no exist-  
ence. Secondly, the work to be done by  
the department is such as could and should  
be done by private enterprise. The ex-  
pense, as shown above, has probably been  
much under-estimated by the select com-  
mittee, but even if it should prove to be  
five or six times greater, amounting,  
namely, to 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* a year, what  
impediment would that offer to the land-  
owners of Great Britain if they were as  
anxious as they ought to be to make the  
most of their woods? There exist already  
the English and Scottish arboricultural so-  
cieties; if they were reconstituted under  
royal charter and supported more liberally  
by those who would derive most benefit  
from their action, what is to hinder them  
undertaking the functions which the select  
committee seek to throw on the State,  
viz.:—

(a) To organize forest schools, or, at any  
rate, a course of instruction in forestry.

(b) To make provision for examinations.

(c) To prepare an official syllabus and text-  
book.

To appoint examiners in the following sub-  
jects:—

(a) Practical Forestry.

(b) Botany.

(c) Vegetable Physiology and Entomology,  
especially in connection with diseases and in-  
sects affecting the growth of trees.

(d) Geology, with special reference to soils.

(e) Subjects connected with land-agency,  
such as land-drainage, surveying, timber-  
measuring, etc., and to grant diplomas to stu-  
dents qualifying in these subjects.

It is a sound principle which opposes  
the interference of the State, unless it can  
be shown that private enterprise requires  
control and direction in the public inter-  
est, and this is the more necessary when  
assistance is invoked on behalf of a class  
whose leisure, education, means, and op-  
portunities combine to enable them to do  
all that is necessary in the matter by a  
little salutary and concerted exertion.  
While, therefore, gratitude is due to the  
select committee for having collected evi-  
dence to show, beyond the possibility of  
doubt, that British forestry is at a lamen-  
tably low level and that hardly any effort  
is being made to redeem what might be a  
source of public and private wealth from  
the state to which it has been reduced by  
ignorance, indolence and indifference, it  
is not possible to endorse their proposal  
to create a new department of the govern-  
ment to revivify it.

The first step in the right direction will  
be taken (if possible, let it be during the  
present summer) by summoning a meeting  
in London of landowners and others inter-  
ested in the matter, to discuss the position  
and to take counsel with the managers of  
the English and Scottish arboricultural  
societies, with the view of securing their  
co-operation in undertaking the work  
which the select committee has rightly  
described as necessary, the neglect of  
which is discreditable. The present con-  
dition of matters is unsatisfactory enough,  
but admits of, even invites, improvement;  
for while climate and soil are exceptionally  
favorable in this country to the production  
of timber, both useful and ornamental, it  
is rare to find a country gentleman who is  
indifferent to the appearance of his woods,  
though it is still rarer to meet with one  
who has both time and technical knowl-  
edge to devote to their proper manage-  
ment; but Evelyn long ago applied Cato's  
saying to this matter, *male agitur cum  
domino quem villicus docet*—it goes ill  
with the master who has to learn from the  
hind. In forestry the danger of a little  
knowledge is as imminent as in other  
matters, and the hurtful effects of it are  
enduring. The affection of landowners



for their trees would be invaluable, were they able to rely thoroughly upon their wood-reeves for unerring management. If there were a trained body of students, properly certificated by competent examiners, it would be easy to appoint men to a charge for which they had been specially trained. At present, no such possibility exists; when a vacancy occurs, the employer generally applies to the nurseryman who supplies the estate with plants, and a man is selected for the post, instructed, indeed, in the routine of nursery work, planting and felling, but with no knowledge of geology, botany, or entomology to enable him to grapple with local difficulties of soil and climate. A single instance may be given illustrating the unfortunate results of good intentions on the part of the proprietor, to direct which the wood-reeve possessed no technical understanding. A gentleman in the south of Scotland, having retired from the army, lived constantly on his estates and devoted much attention to their improvement. He laid out much money in plantations, and, his favorite tree being the oak, he spared no trouble to obtain the best acorns. Large quantities of these were collected for him from the finest trees in the south of England, where, if anywhere, noble oaks are to be found. A properly instructed forester would have informed him that there are two varieties of oak in Britain (it is doubtful whether they are species or only varieties), namely, the common English oak (*Quercus robur pedunculata*) and the durmast oak (*Quercus robur sessiliflora*), the former prevailing in the southern and midland English counties, the latter in Wales, northern England, and Scotland. The southern form is distinguished by having footstalks to the acorns, and none to the leaves, which are broad and irregular in outline. The durmast oak, on the other hand, has footstalks to the leaves, which are elongated and regular in outline, and none to the acorns. The timber of each is of equal value, but the durmast produces it much more rapidly and is of straighter, freer growth than the other, and makes a much finer tree. Moreover, while the durmast oak thrives finely in the south, the southern variety is a complete failure in the north; it is not indigenous there, the damp climate and soil disagree with it, it requires more sun to ripen its wood, and under favorable conditions it becomes a prey to innumerable diseases and parasitical insects. Thirty, forty, and fifty years have gone by since these woods were planted, and the present owner of them has to deplore that the energy and

good intentions of his predecessor were not better directed.

A good example of the contrast between the two kinds of oak may be seen in Knowle Park, near Sevenoaks. Scattered throughout that noble demesne are quantities of fine English oaks; but an avenue, planted apparently about two hundred years ago, leads up to the house from the north, and is composed entirely of durmast oaks, which compare favorably with their southern relatives.

A few words in conclusion as to indigenous British trees, which form a much more limited list than is generally supposed. The oak (two varieties), ash, wych elm, white and aspen poplars, alder, mountain ash, common maple, birch, hornbeam, several species of willow, and the holly almost exhaust the number of those classed by timber merchants as "hardwood;" while of the conifers we boast but three — the Scots fir, yew, and juniper. The sycamore, lime, Spanish chestnut, and the so-called English elm (*Ulmus campestris*) are probably part of the inheritance left us by the Roman rulers. The beech may possibly be indigenous in the southern part of the island, though no traces of it have been identified in British peat-bogs, the great reliquaries of post-tertiary woodland; but it and the sycamore have become so much at home and sow themselves so freely that they may almost be reckoned true natives. The English elm, for so long characteristic of midland scenery as to have earned the name of the "Warwickshire weed," betrays its exotic origin by never, or hardly ever, ripening seed in this country; it propagates itself entirely by suckers, which it has the faculty of sending forth to amazing distances. It is this that has given it undisputed possession of so many hedgerows. The only native British elm is the wych elm (*Ulmus montana*), a common tree in the old forest, judging from the frequency with which its Celtic name *leamh*, *leamhan* (pronounced "lav," "lavan") survives in northern place-names, e.g., Leven, Levens, Lennox (formerly written Levenach), Lomond (*leaman* being the older, unaspirated form).

To urge upon landowners in this country the expediency of more systematic treatment of their woodland is to invite them to undertake that which they are not only well able to carry out, but, it is believed, are naturally disposed to do, and to anticipate State interference in a matter which they are in a position to effect for their own and the public good.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

From The Contemporary Review.  
PUNCH AND HIS ARTISTS.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH  
COMIC DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.

On July 17, 1841, *Punch and London Charivari*, as the paper was originally called, first saw the light. On the seventeenth of this month, therefore, Mr. Punch celebrates his jubilee, amid the congratulations, it may be said, of the nation whose dulness he has done so much to relieve, and whose splenetic temper (if our neighbors' estimate of us is to be accepted) he has labored to divert. He has worked his way into the public heart; nay, he has, in a manner, identified himself with the British Constitution. His position in the world of pictorial humor is akin to that of the *Times* in the world of journalism; not without his enemies, his opponents, and traducers, no doubt; but an object of respect and admiration to most.

Nevertheless, though now so vigorous and prosperous in his prime, *Punch* shared, in his early youth, the symptoms of financial delicacy which beset the constitutions of so many journalistic enterprises that are destined to rise eventually to success and power. This happy development dates from the time when the little syndicate which started the journal made it over to Messrs. Bradbury & Evans — the predecessors in the firm of its present publishers — for the price of out-of-pocket expenses, amounting, I believe, to some six or seven hundred pounds. With the powerful aid of fresh capital new life was infused into the paper, and the efforts of its brilliant staff were crowned with success. Mark Lemon, the first editor — originally co-editor with Henry Mayhew — had gathered round him many of the most esteemed humorists of the day; and whether during the nine-and-twenty years that followed — for he died in 1870 — he was presiding at "the table," or engaged in the direction of the journal, or "starring" with his amateur company in the theatrical performances given in aid of the family of one or other of its deceased members, he was ever an ideal *Punch* editor, tactful, good-natured, and gifted with a keen and rollicking sense of humor. For four years after his death his place was filled by Shirley Brooks, who, too, was well fitted for the post. In 1874 Tom Taylor succeeded to the editorial chair; but it certainly cannot be said that Heaven had moulded his character or equipped him with talents with a special view to the position he was called upon to occupy. On

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his death, in 1880, Mr. F. C. Burnand was appointed to the directorate by the process of natural selection — an infinitely better choice, as events have abundantly testified, than that which went before.

The early writers were, generally speaking, better known to the public than by name than those of the present day. They included Dr. Maginn, who died the year after *Punch* was born; Horace Mayhew (died 1872), and his brother Henry (1887); Gilbert A'Beckett, the police magistrate (1856), Douglas Jerrold (1857), Albert Smith (1860), Percival Leigh (1889), W. H. Wills (1880), and Thackeray (1863). Among the occasional contributors were Thomas Hood (whose "Song of the Shirt" was printed in the *Punch Almanac* of 1842), Stirling Coyne, and H. P. Grattan. C. Laman Blanchard wrote once or twice for the paper; Mr. Sutherland Edwards, too, and, for a short time, James Hannay, *Quarterly* reviewer, and afterwards consul at Barcelona until his death in 1873. Coventry Patmore was seen once in its pages ("Vive la Guerre!"), and Lord Tennyson twice, when under the pseudonym of "Alcibiades" he turned upon Lord Lytton — "the padded man that wears the stays" — and contemptuously tore that "bandbox" limb from limb. From these men came "Jeames's Diary," "The Book of Snobs," "Mrs. Caudle," "The Story of a Feather," "The Comic Blackstone," "The Physiology of Evening Parties," and many other books and sketches which, in varying degrees, have become classics, in one section, at least, of our literature. To-day the text is chiefly contributed by Mr. Burnand, by that admirably humorous and keen observer, Mr. Anstey (Guthrie); by Mr. Henry Lucy; Mr. Arthur A'Beckett; Mr. Milliken, than whom few can more aptly and more happily turn a rhyme or embody an idea in crisp and telling verse; by Mr. Ashby Sterry; and the latest recruit, Mr. Lehmann. The difference, as I have said, must necessarily be somewhat to the disadvantage of the present staff by comparison, and yet it cannot be said that the popularity and the circulation of *Punch* have suffered in consequence; from which it may safely be concluded that, although the literature of the paper may count for a good deal, the undoubted secret of its success lies in its pictorial jokes and satires and in its artistic draughtmanship.

The form of *Punch's* humor, too, has become modified concurrently with the character of the paper. The mantles of Gillray, Rowlandson, Heath, the Cruik-

shanks, and the elder Doyle ("HB") had fallen upon the conductors of the satirical papers; the "cartoon," as we understand it, came at the last to take the place of the "caricature," and the gall of the latter was to some extent diluted with the milk of human kindness. The comparative moderation of *Punch* was notable after the virulence of most of its predecessors, and that this was not to its disadvantage is shown by the genuine character of its political weight. For some years it wielded an amount of direct influence and power unknown in these milder days; but we have it from Lord Beaconsfield himself that he chafed under the persistent Liberalism of "Scaramouche," and regarded its opposition as a considerable factor to be reckoned with. In the present day the strength of *Punch* lies, I take it, not solely in the excellence of its art or the humor of its literature; it consists in its warm patriotism, in its almost invariable rightness on all great public questions, in its championship of the poor and weak, and on the studied exclusion of immodesty of all kinds from its pages. It has, doubtless, in its day raised unto itself the bogies of popery, Puseyism, and Semitism, which it has long since laid to rest; and its uniform good taste, its morality, its decorous humor, and its gentle application of the lash of moderate ridicule, are accepted by many of more robust kidney or coarser palate as proofs of dulness and deterioration. The piquancy of the comic paper of France, and that wild exaggeration which constitutes the staple ingredient of American humor, are certainly lacking in the pages of *Punch*; and if the wholesome character of its contents appeals to Englishmen as exclusively as the kind and quality of its fun and its references, it will at least be allowed that whatever error there is, is on the right side. To this development the vastly increased value of its artistic work has greatly contributed. With greater perfection of draughtsmanship have come a greater sobriety and moderation, so that *Punch* of '91 is as much more staid and decorous than that of half a century ago as *Punch's* pencil of '51 was kindlier than the needle of Gillray of fifty years before.

So many, and I may add so various, have been the accounts of the rise and development of *Punch*, that, pending the publication of an authentic history, I refrain from attempting to add to the list another sketch which would necessarily be to no slight extent speculative. But with the artistic growth of the paper, and espe-

cially with the question of its numerous contributors, I deem myself at liberty to deal, for I know of none, save, perhaps, Mr. John Tenniel (the "Grand Old Man" of *Punch*) and Mr. Joseph Swain (the engraver of all the cuts from the third or fourth volume forward), and, perhaps, Mr. Sambourne and Mr. Harry Furniss, who could, but not without considerable research, speak with any degree of certainty to the authorship of the vast majority of the engravings which have appeared in its pages from the first. It is with the view to trace the pencils of all those who have contributed to the firm establishment of *Punch* that the present paper is written.

No sooner was the establishment of the paper decided upon by Mr. Last, the printer, Mr. Landells, the engraver, and Mr. Mark Lemon and Mr. Horace Mayhew, the co-editors — the prime movers in the affair — than a small staff of artists was quickly brought together. These included William Newman, Archibald Henning, and William Harvey (the illustrator of Shakespeare). Leech did not join until the paper was fairly started.

As regards the christening of the paper, the first idea of the supplementary title of the "Funny Dog with Comic Tales" was abandoned, but it was subsequently used by two of the staff, together with Mr. Harrison Weir, for a book they issued conjointly. At that time Mr. Birket Foster, the eminent landscape water-colorist, was apprenticed to Landells, and he drew some initials for the new paper, even designing the cartoon of "Jack Russell cutting his name on the Beam" in imitation of Cruikshank's "Jack Sheppard." Mr. Birket Foster writes to me concerning the birth and christening of the periodical, thus: —

Some of the meetings were held in Landells' house in Bidborough Street, Burton Crescent, and as a boy I used to open the door for Mayhew, Thackeray, Lemon, Jerrold, and all the men engaged upon it. I remember Landells coming into the workroom, and saying, "Well, boys, we have decided upon the title for the new paper. It is to be called *Punch*." We said, when he was gone, that we thought it was a very stupid one, little thinking what a great thing it was to become.

I have referred to the "cartoons" of *Punch*, or, as they were first called "pencilings." These have always been a feature in the paper, which has from time to time contained two in a single number, both of them being sometimes from the same hand. It may here be convenient to note down the names of *Punch's* cartoon-

ists from the beginning to the present day: Archibald S. Henning, William Newman, Kenny Meadows, John Leech, "Shallaballa," Alfred "Crowquill," Mr. H. G. Hine, William McConnell, Hamerton, Richard Doyle, Charles Keene, and Mr. John Tenniel. Mr. Birket Foster's ewe-lamb I have already mentioned. Mr. Sambourne and one or two more have from time to time drawn "second cartoons," but as these have not been dignified with "unbacked pages," they have no technical claim to inclusion in the foregoing list.

Henning did not stay for long, nor was he a great loss when he went; he romped through the paper, so to speak, drawing coarsely and mistaking exaggeration for humor. Mr. H. G. Hine, the present octogenarian vice-president of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, whose broad and masterly drawings of poetic landscape have been the artistic wonder of the last two seasons, bore from the first, together with William Newman, the chief burden of the illustration. Not only did Mr. Hine contribute cartoons, but most of those excellent little pictorial puns drawn in *silhouette* as well, besides cuts innumerable in the text. He retired in 1844. Newman stayed on until 1850, being at the time the most prolific of all the contributors. Thus in 1846 are no fewer than eighty-seven cuts signed by him; in 1847, one hundred and twenty-seven; in 1848, one hundred and sixty-four; and in 1849, one hundred and twenty-one. He it was who may be said to have introduced *Punch* artistically to the public, for the first engraving on the title-page is by him. Harvey, with his straight-nosed faces, did not add much to the fame of the paper; his work, indeed, was not in harmony with its spirit, and was soon completely overshadowed by the advent of one who was destined to be for many years the life and soul of the undertaking. This was John Leech, whose signature first appears on page forty-three of the first volume.

This brilliant humorist, after the first volume, contributed to an enormous extent—from first to last between four and five thousand designs. They may be recognized by his signature in full, by his familiar initials, or by the well-known device of a wriggling leech in a water-bottle; but no signature is required by which to identify these cuts. The unflinching freedom of pencil, the facility, the buoyancy, the unerring skill and command of expression infallibly proclaim their authorship.

The knowledge they display of life and character, and the good-humor with which they are ever represented, are not more amazing than the fact that, although the drawing is always individual, it never becomes mannered. It is perhaps rather strange that Leech (no less than "Phiz"), who was so extremely dainty and careful when using the etching-needle, should have been so very much coarser, especially in the early days, in the use of the pencil-point; but to the unrivalled fecundity of his hand—for he sometimes drew the large majority of the pictures in the weekly number—and to a relative disregard of artistic finish, is due this comparative poor or careless quality of his earlier technique. From 1841 to 1864 inclusive he poured forth his work into the pages of *Punch*, his last drawing—one of an Irishman, heartily enjoying the after-effects of a fight in which his features have been pummelled out of all recognition—appearing on the 5th of November, 1864 (p. 188). Several autograph portraits of Leech appear in the paper, the truest being that in the cartoon of "*Mr. Punch's* Fancy Ball," on page sixteen of the first volume for 1847.

An unprecedented, and an unrepeatable, incident occurred in 1842. In this year there appeared a dozen or so of drawings by Gavarni, and one by Gagniet, and much has been made by commentators from time to time of the early enterprise of the editor in inviting the contributions of an eminent foreign master of caricature. But, as a matter of fact, Gavarni was not invited at all, nor did he ever draw for *Punch*. These blocks had simply been bought up by the publishers and used. They were originally made by Gavarni (whose real name was Sulpice Chevalier) and his associate for "*Les Parisiens peints par Eux-Mêmes*," and had not only been published therein, but also in the English translation, issued in London two years before they were pressed into the service of *Mr. Punch*. This use of *clichés* has never since been resorted to by the paper. In this same volume Mr. Hine first put his initials to a drawing (*An Unusual Flow of Spirits*, p. 101, vol. i.), just before the arrival of that notable quartet—Kenny Meadows, Alfred "Crowquill," Sir John Gilbert, and "Phiz." Meadows's first appearance was in one of "*Mr. Punch's* Valentines" (p. 27, vol. i.). He was very unequal in his work, and was at his best when most closely resembling the manner of Sir John Gilbert. He drew the frontispiece for the volume of 1843, as



well as several cartoons, but, with another cartoon in the following year his connection with the paper ceased. The period of Alfred "Crowquill's" work corresponded with that of Meadows. Although a versatile man, using his pen and pencil with equal facility and ability, Forrester — for that was his real name — was but an indifferent humorist, and when he left, in 1844, his place was easily filled. Sir John Gilbert's work for *Punch*, though slight, has spread over a longer period than that of any other artist. His first contribution was the frontispiece to the second volume for 1842, and he continued with one or two drawings to "The Natural History of Courtship," published in that year in the paper, together with a drawing of the Princess Augusta and the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and then he left to build up elsewhere his reputation as the greatest draughtsman on wood that England, and perhaps any country, has produced. Not for forty years did he re-appear in the pages of the *London Charivari*, until at last, in 1882, he contributed a full-page drawing to the *Almanac*. This shows a fifteenth-century knight who is summoned in hot haste to the wars, and who is unable, in spite of all his efforts, owing to his increased stoutness, to get into his armor. In the same year, as I have said, Hablot Knight Browne ("Phiz") began to draw. Strange to say, none of his family were aware of the fact. Indeed, my statement, when reviewing Mr. Thomson's excellent biography of the artist, that all mention of those capital contributions had been omitted, was considered by them to be founded upon error. As a matter of fact, the handiwork of "Phiz" may be seen in the volumes for 1842, 1844, 1852, 1861 (eleven cuts), 1862, 1863 (sixteen cuts), 1864 (eleven cuts), 1865 (five cuts), and, I believe, in 1866 and 1867. In only some instances are the engravings signed, but in the majority of cases the hand is unmistakable. The two unimportant cuts by J. R. in the same volume with which I am dealing — that for 1842 — I have not succeeded in identifying.

The year 1843 was notable for two adhesions of pre-eminent importance — those of Thackeray and Doyle. The former became forthwith an industrious member of the staff, no less with the pencil than with the pen. Although the celebrated device of "Our Fat Contributor," consisting of a pair of spectacles, was not seen before page one hundred and twenty-six of the first half-yearly volume, his initial

drawing was printed on page seventy. In the first year of his work he made fourteen drawings for *Punch*, and continued at an ever-increasing rate, until, in 1846 there were no fewer than ninety-five; in 1847, eighty-five; and in 1848, sixty-one drawings, to illustrate the "Book of Snobs" and other books and sketches. After that his contributions rapidly decreased in number. In 1852 he is not seen at all, in 1853 only thrice, and in 1854 four times. Page one hundred and thirteen of the second volume for the last-named year contains his last picture, though I am inclined to believe that he was seen once more — on page eighty-three of the first volume for 1858. Thackeray's portrait appears oftentimes in the pages of *Punch*; sometimes by his own hand, as when he draws himself as a spectated cupid, or working on a block while in bed with the influenza (in the famous influenza year of 1849), or listening in a railway carriage, while in company with Jerrold, to a scathing of *Punch* by a fellow-traveller (1848), or accosting "his friend Waggle" in the "Book of Snobs" (p. 35, 1847); sometimes by the pencil of Charles Keene (p. 80, vol. ii., 1861), Mr. Tenniel, or another.

The other new arrivals of the year comprise a vigorous draughtsman, "Shallaballa," and Hamerton. The former was a fair artist, who contributed half-a-dozen drawings, chiefly political, in 1843, and one in the following year, several of them being cartoons. Hamerton (who, by the way, was in no way related to the distinguished editor of the *Portfolio*), whose signature consisted of a picture-rebus of his name — a hammer on the side of a barrel or tun — made two-and-twenty clever cartoons and drawings during the same period, and after 1844 was seen in Bowverie Street no more.

Richard Doyle — better known, perhaps, as Dickey Doyle — was introduced to *Punch* when only nineteen years old. He was the son of John Doyle, the famous cartoonist "HB," and had, from an unusually tender age, proved his possession of an extraordinary power of comic draughtsmanship. His precocity, indeed, is sufficiently proved by his recently published comic illustrations to Homer, wrought at the age of twelve, with real humor, invention, and excellence of expression. His first work for *Punch* was the frontispiece for the second volume of 1843, which was unsigned. The following year his ordinary initial or monogram signature was altered to a D, with a "dickey," either



perched on the top or pecking on the ground close by. His first signed cartoon appears on page one hundred and fifty-five of the first volume for 1844, after which the amount of work he executed grew rapidly in volume. "Initials" and cartoons were reinforced by his famous series of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," and "Ye Manners and Customs of Ye Englyshe," their manner of presentation having been invented by the artist, who was termed by his fellows their "professor of mediæval design."

Doyle continued to work regularly for the paper until the popery scare, which, towards the end of 1849, had seized the popular mind, had infected *Punch* with extraordinary virulence and bitterness. So long as Mark Lemon confined his cartoons and his text to the general question, Doyle, who was a devout Catholic, held his peace; but when the very doctrine of the faith was attacked, and the pope himself insultingly caricatured, he severed himself regretfully but determinedly from his fellow-workers. He quitted the paper in 1850, but some of his work was published years afterwards. There was, if I am not mistaken, at least one drawing published in 1857, while several appeared in 1862 (pp. 129, 151, etc., vol. i.). The matter of "old stock," indeed, often crops up in *Punch*, and it is not unusual to see a sketch appear many years after it was drawn. For example, in 1883 there appeared a cut by Mr. Linley Sambourne which was probably made at least fifteen years before. William Bayes ("W. B."), and the contributor of a single drawing signed "S," complete the list of signing artists for 1843.

Watts Phillips first declared himself in 1844, and continued at intervals during the two years following, but he left no more distinguishing mark than another occasional artist of the same year—"H. D."—who, I have reason to believe, is the present Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., the director of the National Gallery of Dublin. During the next two years there are no new arrivals to chronicle. In 1847 appeared C. T., who reappeared occasionally during the next two years, contributing a dozen drawings in all, not bad, according to the run of many that were appearing at the time, but of no artistic importance. In the same year, E. J. Burton (signed with a monogram) helped to swell the list of names, but, in point of quality, his work was of even less consequence than that of the last-named contributor.

The year 1850 is another date of the

first importance in the history of *Punch*. Not that William McConnell alone would make the date remarkable, for his early death from consumption in 1852 cut short a career which promised considerably more than it achieved. The talented son of a tailor in Tottenham Court Road, he had executed a few cartoons and made between a hundred and a hundred and fifty other drawings, but, although they were highly skilful, they are not particularly noticeable except, as I have said, for their unusual promise. The great acquisition was Mr. John Tenniel, who was invited by Mark Lemon, at the suggestion of Douglas Jerrold, to fill the place so abruptly vacated by Doyle—whereby the paper had been left in great straits. I need hardly point out that it is Mr. Tenniel, who, with all his natural fun and sense of humor, has dignified the political cartoon into a classic composition, and who has raised the art of politico-humorous draughtsmanship from the relative position of the lampoon to that of polished satire, challenging comparison with the higher—at times it might almost be said, with the highest—efforts of literature in that direction. The beauty and statuesque qualities of his allegorical figures, the dignity of his beasts, and the earnestness and directness of his designs, apart from the exquisite simplicity of his work when at his best, are things previously unknown in the art of which he is the most accomplished master, standing alone and far ahead of any of his imitators. The German character and academic quality of his work are no drawbacks; one does not even feel—what is the fact—that he draws entirely from memory and not from models; indeed, the things are completely satisfying as the work of a true artist, and—a quality as charming as it was previously rare—of a gentleman.

The first drawing by Mr. Tenniel in the bound volume is the frontispiece to the second half-yearly volume of 1850, but the really first contribution is the initial on page 224. Perhaps the most notable thing about the initial is the extraordinary resemblance between the artist's work of forty years ago and that of to-day. It is certainly "tighter;" it is younger. But the hand and method are strangely unchanged. From that day to this Mr. Tenniel has continually—I might almost say continuously—been at work; he has designed some two thousand cartoons, initials innumerable, together with a considerable number of "socials," as the quarter-page drawings are called, and not a few "half-pages." And in all that long

period he has missed but a very few weeks — you might count them on the fingers of your two hands; and those omissions have been due only to occasional illness.

His series of illustrations of Shakespearean quotations show a truly comic vein; but it is, after all, his more earnest work that most impresses the student of *Punch*. His splendid British lions, from the first he drew in 1852 (vol. i., p. 30), to that in 1859 (July 7), and many more recent still, are superb and noble beasts — worthy types of a nation. It was, indeed, through his animals — his illustrations to an edition of "Æsop's Fables" — that he first became known to *Punch*. His obituary cartoons — such as that in 1852 (p. 149, vol. ii.), or that to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield — are at once dignified and full of noble pathos; while his happy power of realization of more or less ideal subjects is unusually well displayed in his admirable cartoon of "Steam and Coal," published in 1881. Bismarck's fall provided him with the subject for his most striking recent success — that of the discharged pilot, full of misgivings, leaving the Ship of State. Although Mr. Tenniel's term of service covers a period of two-score years, during which all his drawings have necessarily been executed at high pressure, his hand shows little, if any, loss of power, and his mind no lack of invention.

One more contributor — an amateur who sent in his single drawing signed with cross-pipes — appeared in 1850. The following year was distinguished by the enlistment of the prolific draughtsman who used the three running legs — quaintly accepted as the Manx arms — as his sign-manual. He began in the course of the summer, and contributed many sketches during the two following years, but, though clever and ingenious, he was weak in his work, and never succeeded in obtaining a recognized position among the first rank on the artistic staff. The last of his drawings appeared so late as 1860 (p. 50, vol. i.).

The year 1852 brought two draughtsmen to *Punch*, who were destined for a considerable period to work for it — C. H. Bradley and William Howard. The former seldom got beyond initials and sketches of large heads on little bodies, being only once or twice promoted to "socials" during the nine years of his connection with the paper. But on occasion he showed real humor, while his artistic merit seems to have owed most of what excellence he attained to the study of the work of Mr. Tenniel. Bradley,

whose monogram might easily be mistaken by the unwary for that of C. H. Bennett who followed eight years later, executed in all not more than some thirty to five-and-thirty cuts. Howard, whose little trident is a device well known to the student of *Punch*, was the son of a wine merchant of Watford. Beginning in 1852, he threw himself into his work with feverish zeal, and produced initials and other trifles by the score. The subjects embraced a wide range, but often included half-humanized birds and animals. The humor, sometimes fresh enough, was never very pronounced, nor did the hand that drew ever become that of a master. In 1853 he made no fewer than sixty-six cuts, and probably doubled that number every year until 1867, when, with only two drawings, he disappeared from the pages of *Punch*. Three years later an initial, representing a comic hammer-fish, was printed, but this belonged to "old stock." I have heard that the artist's full name was originally Howard Harris; but it is certain that he was never known to his friends but by the name of Howard.

An amateur signing "C" appeared in 1853, as well as Mr. Harry Hall. This artist sent in but a single drawing (p. 60, vol. ii.); it is in no way remarkable, but it shows, at least, that the father of Mr. Sydney P. Hall could draw. The Rev. Edward Bradley, who died two or three years ago, now began his career as comic writer and draughtsman under the well-known pseudonym of "Cuthbert Bede," concluding it within four years, having contributed about three-score sketches. Mr. T. H. Wilson, still a hard-working artist for the illustrated press, joined the paper as an occasional contributor in the same year, and over various monograms sent in a dozen clever, but hardly striking drawings. The advent of Charles S. Keene was the great event of the year. He certainly wrought nothing in his own name until the following year; but he re-drew several sketches by one Silver, and affixed a mask in sign thereof (see p. 108, vol. i., *et seq.*). Mr. Henry Keene, his brother, has no recollection of the fact, but, nevertheless, it may be positively affirmed that such is the case. A few of Silver's own drawings appear during the years 1853 and 1854, and a glance suffices to show which were original and which embellished by the talent of Keene. The latter, indeed, was complaisant enough in this respect; he willingly re-drew the amateur attempts (1873-4-5) of Major-General Robley — who, however, has since

appeared in *Punch* in his own right — another by Mr. Chasemore, and a third by one "F. W." (p. 20, vol. i., 1874). So much has been written of late on Keene and his *Punch* work that I will state, but in the briefest possible manner, of what it consisted. His first signed drawing is an initial "G," introducing a troubadour playing on his guitar (p. 128, vol. i., 1854), and is executed a good deal in the manner of the careful wood-draughtsmen of the Fred Walker school. From that day to his retirement in 1889 he made in all between five and six thousand designs, which have established his reputation, not so much as a true humorist, as the great English master in black and white, of line, chiaroscuro, composition, and expression; second to none in his own line. No one could suggest color or texture better than he, nor catch the full significance of fleeting expression or suddenly arrested movement. From 1864 to 1878 he drew thirteen cartoons for his paper, but they are not amongst his happiest efforts. I may add that he sometimes introduced into his sketches the portrait of Mr. A. Chantrey Corbould (who afterwards became himself one of the principal contributors), and often his own and his collaborators' likenesses as well. Thus, on page two hundred and fifty-nine of the second volume for 1858 is an early portrait of himself, and on page three hundred and nine of the second volume for 1887 will be found the likeness of Mr. Tenniel.

Within the next few years there came no recruits of the first importance. Two amateurs, "M. F." (1854) and H. (a Mr. Halliday — p. 200, vol. i., 1855), are to be chronicled, as well as T. G. Terry (p. 171, vol. i., 1856), who signed with a monogram, and who up to 1858 contributed in all less than a dozen initials of no importance; and Frank Bellew. This artist, whose signature consisted of a triangle, either with or without his initial, drew about thirty initials, "socials," and half-pages from 1857 until 1862. A. T., whom I take to be Alfred Thompson, first appears continuously from 1856 to 1859; again in 1865, and yet again from 1876 to 1878. His sketches are bright and not without fancy, but nothing more. Julian Portch is first seen in 1858. Though lacking in strength, he had a delicate pencil and a certain power of comic expression which entitle him to consideration among "*Mr. Punch's* clever young men" of the second rank. He stopped active contribution in 1862, being only once seen in 1863, 1864, 1867, and 1870.

The distinguished French caricaturist "Cham" (the Comte Amédée de Noé) made four humorous and spirited character sketches of Turco soldiers in Paris in 1859, not very complimentary to his country's allies; and in the same year Brunton, a young artist far better known outside *Punch's* pages than in them, put his arrow-pierced hearts to a couple of drawings. Miss Coode was the first lady who drew for *Punch*, contributing eight drawings during 1860 and 1861. In the former year Hayden — who signed with a sort of fantastic Gothic M — was introduced to the paper, but he, too, had only made eight drawings when he disappeared.

Mr. George Du Maurier was the next great arrival. On page 140, vol. ii., for the year 1860 is to be seen his first drawing, unsigned, which represents a number of humble artists (including Mr. Whistler!) entering a photographer's studio. From that day forward he became one of the bulwarks of the paper, his fecundity rivaling that of Keene, Leech, and others. Initials and thumb-nails were undertaken indiscriminately, and the practice soon produced a marked improvement. He presently showed signs of his future eminence; and it is of exceeding interest to observe, as his talent advanced, how he gradually and surely developed his sense of beauty, his daintiness of line, his insight into the hearts and the shallow minds of his fellow-creatures of the fashionable nineteenth century, until he earned the proud title that has been conferred upon him of the "Thackeray of the Pencil." Yet not alone with the beauty and elegance of "society" is he at ease; with low life he is as much at home. Indeed, had the ground not been already so thoroughly covered by Leech and Keene, I doubt if Mr. Du Maurier would not have found therein a *métier* as certain and successful as that by which he has chiefly established his brilliant reputation. Like Leech and Keene he has crystallized his types with precision; with relentless amiability he has probed, laid bare, and gibbeted the foibles of his time, and with a loving hand he has recorded its beauties. His "Drawing-room Pictures" might fairly be bound in three volumes and placed side by side on the shelves with "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "The Book of Snobs," as not unworthy companions. About five thousand drawings of all sizes — including a considerable number of full-pages — make up the sum of his work on *Punch*; and this work, as we all know, has by no means monopolized his busy

pencil. Canon Ainger has, I believe, supplied him with not a few of his happiest subjects.

In the following year Mr. John Gordon Thomson began his short connection with *Punch*. He was a very young man, studying at the time for the Civil Service. After his appointment to Somerset House he discontinued to a great extent his artistic efforts, but when he left the service in 1870 he resumed the pencil, and became, what he still is, cartoonist to *Fun*. His style was not yet formed when engaged on *Punch*, and the thirty-three drawings he contributed before 1864 gave little promise of his later ability. Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., also made his first appearance in the paper in 1861, a design for an architectural hat, of Gothic order, being the subject. He likewise made a few initials, and then was seen in *Punch* no more until the Almanac for 1882, when he made a full-page ornithological drawing of "Up before the Beak." Sir John Everett Millais, R.A., came next, in 1863, with a mock-tragic illustration to Mr. Burnand's "Moheanna" (p. 115, vol. i.), and repeated his unusual experience in the Almanac of 1865, when he contributed a drawing of a couple of children in a studio taking liberties with the lay figure. Mr. Fred Barnard—a humorist of the first rank—also began to contribute in 1863, but being only seventeen years of age his drawings were necessarily very inferior to his exquisite work of subsequent years. In three years he was seen but fifteen times in all. Twenty years later, in 1884, he sent in one more drawing, but it did not show him at his best, and since that day he has abstained from further contribution. Mr. R. T. Pritchett, whose illustrations to Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam" and to the new edition of Darwin's "Naturalist's Voyage" are among the most notable of his recent achievements, made six-and-twenty amusing and ingenious sketches from 1863 to 1869.

Mr. A. R. Fairfield, whose elaborate device, like a bastard sign of the Zodiac, appears twenty-four times in the years 1864 and 1865, and once again in 1887, was at times amateurish in manner, yet not without character and a suggestion of humor. Colonel Secombe followed a few weeks after Mr. Fairfield's *début*. At that time he was a subaltern, but his youthful military drawings—signed with a sketch of a cannon—were clever and highly promising. Three appeared in 1864, two in 1866, and another in 1882. Foreign service interrupted the young

draughtsman's artistic studies for a considerable period, but the result of his later labors is to be seen in the many works he has since published. Three other contributors made their first appearance in 1864. The first was Frederic Eltze, a pleasing draughtsman, whose work, often unsigned, is distinguished by a curious absence of lining, the whole being often left almost in broad outline. He contributed largely from 1864 to 1870, dying in the November of the latter year. His last sketch was published in 1875 (p. 273, vol. i.). Paul Gray drew also in 1864 and 1865, but his work, not equal to that of Eltze, lacks backbone. Dever was but an unimportant contributor, for his three drawings are caricatures; but no one can see them without being reminded of one of the types Mr. E. T. Reed has adopted at the present day.

In 1865 a new hunting draughtsman was found in G. B. Goddard. He was in reality an oil painter, but his drawings were good, especially in their knowledge of horseflesh. He discontinued his *Punch* work in 1867, after having made fourteen drawings. Mr. Ernest Griset, who excels at comic animals—for his figures are all of one ragged type—first appeared in this year, but it was not until 1867, when, on the sudden death of Bennett, he was urgently summoned to take his place, that he was enabled to show in the sixty-three drawings of that year the full range of his talent and his remarkable invention and ingenuity. Since 1872 he has not worked for *Punch*, although he has recently been seen on its advertisement wrapper. One of the brightest and most talented draughtsmen *Punch* has ever had was C. H. Bennett, the forerunner of Mr. Linley Sambourne. His first ingenious initial to the "Essence of Parliament" appeared on February 11, 1865, and from that time, to his premature death in April of 1867, he made over two hundred and thirty drawings and sketches for the paper. Fred Walker, A.R.A., was another notable recruit of 1865, but he only sent in two drawings in all; the first in the Almanac, of a number of girls bathing in the sea—called, "The New Bathing Company (Limited)"—a graceful drawing, but not particularly remarkable; and the other, in 1869, "Captain Jinks of the Selfish"—a more masterly sketch, made in hot indignation over the selfishness and mischievousness of steam launches on the upper Thames. Mr. J. P. Atkinson, who works for *Punch* to this day, though less often than before, began in 1865. It is



some years since he was able to do himself full justice with a half-page drawing, but he is probably better known by his *nom de crayon* of "Dumb-Crambo Junior" than by the many scores of sketches he has made bearing his own initials. Besides Mr. T. W. Woods, who this year made a couple of small drawings, Mr. W. S. Gilbert swelled the list of contributors. His work consists of thirteen small cuts, of course signed "Bab," designed to illustrate the rhymes they accompany.

Mr. Walter Crane, of all persons in the world, appears on page thirty-three of the second volume for 1866. The cut is hardly funny, nor is it as well drawn as much work he was doing elsewhere at the same time—for he had not yet hit upon the style or subject that he afterwards made his own. Miss Georgina Bowers began her long career at the beginning of this same year, keeping her attention in greatest part to hunting and flirting subjects, and executing hundreds of initials as well as "socials" and half-pages. She was wonderfully prolific and a good and facile designer, but her manner was chronically weak. Although one of her drawings appeared so late as last year, she laid aside her pencil, I understand, on her marriage to a veterinary surgeon at Watford. Sketches by two amateurs—O. Harling (who drew again both in 1867 and 1877) and H. R. Robinson, signed only with initials, conclude the list for this year.

Mr. Linley Sambourne made his *début* in 1867. No one who saw his early work, even throughout the first two or three years, would have imagined that behind those ill-drawn engravings lay so much power and genius, or that he who produced them would soon come to be regarded by his fellow-artists as one of the greatest masters of line of his time. It was for him a lucky accident that the artistic censor of the paper was not severe, or *Punch* and the world would have been deprived of a life's work at once masterful and original. A humorist by necessity, he is a classic by feeling, and it was not until his imagination was allowed full play and the "comic cut" idea was put aside, that he developed at the rapid rate which is so remarkable in looking over his work. Mr. Sambourne has been as industrious as his fellows, so that it is probable that, though still a young man, he can claim to have had three thousand five hundred drawings, of all kinds, in the pages of *Punch*. Mr. L. Strasynski, a Polish artist, also began in 1867, and during that and the following

year he contributed about a dozen cuts, very foreign in feeling and firm in touch. Mr. F. Wilfred Lawson, brother of Cecil Lawson, contributed a sheetful of nine "initials" in 1867, and these were used in that and the three following years, one, however, being kept over until 1876 before it was issued. An amateur, signing "M.S.R.," and Mr. E. J. Ellis appeared at about the same time, the latter being represented by one unimportant little sketch and two more in the following year. The last page of the volume marks the advent of Mr. A. Chasemore. This draughtsman was welcomed by Mark Lemon on condition he did not give "any more ladies and pretty children," who, he said, were not wanted. That was in 1868! yet women and pretty children do not seem to have lost their popularity. Up to 1875 Mr. Chasemore contributed thirty-three drawings; in addition another belated sketch from the same hand which was used in 1879. Mr. W. Browne made two sketches in the same year, as well as two more in 1869 and another in 1875, but he must be passed over in favor of Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., and Mr. J. Moyr Smith. The former in 1868 and the two following years made fifteen comic outline drawings, chiefly of wild animal subjects, while Mr. Moyr Smith began his long series of clever mock-Etruscan drawings, which continued with a few breaks for ten years. Although the spirit that runs through them becomes monotonous after a while, the excellence of the draughtsmanship always elicits admiration.

In 1869 another lady made her appearance—Miss Romer, who signed with an "R" (p. 56, vol. ii.), but it was a unique effort, and began and ended the record of new arrivals for that year. Mr. Wallis Mackay, the clever "Captious Critic" of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, worked for *Punch* from the end of 1870 to 1874, making seven-and-twenty drawings in his well-known style. It was in the latter year that Tom Taylor succeeded to the editorship, and, being mortally offended with a sketch the "Captious Critic" had drawn some time before, he forthwith cancelled the connection. Four more sketches by Mr. Mackay were published, the last in 1877. On the accession of Mr. Burnand Mr. Mackay was informed that Bouverie Street was no longer "a close borough," and that the essence of Parliament awaited him; but the "special correspondent" was away in the wilds of Ireland, and the opportunity passed by. Next came Mr. J. S. Sands, who put his little anagram



matic device of an hour-glass to more than three-score drawings between the years 1870 and 1879 (p. 60, vol. ii.), but, save for occasional ingenuity, they were not of much account. In the former year Mr. W. Ralston, now by profession a photographer, and by taste and opportunity an artist of Glasgow, began his work for *Punch*. His drawings are always hard, but the point of humor is as constantly good, and the Scottish "wut" equal to that of the best man who ever drew for the paper. He was a self-taught draughtsman, but he rapidly improved, contributing in all two hundred and twenty-seven drawings, initials, "socials," and half-pages. At the death of Tom Taylor Mr. Ralston's contributions ceased, only one more, in 1886, from his pencil ever appearing in the paper. Mr. Frederick Shields belongs to the same year, but he is responsible only for a couple of sketches—one this year and another in 1875 (p. 239, vol. ii.)—drawn at least with a characteristic touch. Mr. Corbould's contributions, dealing chiefly with hunting and "horsey" subjects, have always a freshness which, in spite of their being, technically speaking, a little "tight," have raised their author to nearly the first rank in popularity. Beginning in 1871, he worked on until last year, when, it is understood, a difficulty in connection with another artist caused the cessation of his clever work. At the same time came Randolph Caldecott (p. 120, vol. ii.), but the half-a-dozen sketches on that page of a "Seaside Drama" contained—similarly to Mr. Walter Crane's solitary drawing—nothing of the peculiar style, individual humor, and perfect suggestion, which he was to make his own. He went on contributing in 1872, 1873, and 1875, and then again in 1879, 1880, 1882, and 1883—fifteen drawings in all; but it was not until 1879 that he showed any of his later freshness and humorous exaggeration.

Perhaps the best military contributor of jokes *Punch* has had is Major-General H. G. Robley. Keene, as I have already said, re-drew the majority of his sketches, which dealt, for the most part, with military life on foreign service. Twenty-seven contributions, many of them unsigned, and of varying degrees of importance, came from him during the years 1873-8. Mr. W. J. Hennessy, who has since established his position as a delicate and accomplished draughtsman, made a couple of drawings of social subjects in 1873, and two more in 1875; but they were by no means of the excellence to which the artist has since

attained. The year 1875 witnessed the work of five new hands in the paper. The first was Mr. R. B. Wallace, whose style was modelled on that of C. H. Bennett, and greatly inspired by Mr. Linley Sambourne. The bulk of his work was done from 1875 to 1878 inclusive; but in the latter year he fell off, and his contributions were very rare. Then followed Mr. J. Curren, with a couple of blocks in 1875 and 1876; Mr. L. G. Fawkes, with a single drawing in the former year; Mr. T. Walters, with four drawings; and that clever young painter, Valentine Bromley, who died so young after promising so well, with a single drawing; but there was nothing distinctive in the work of any save the last.

Mr. M. Blatchford, who adopted, and not unsuccessfully, the Bennett-Sambourne-Wallace style of half-decorative, half-pictorial drawing, appeared towards the end of 1876; and although he was practically supplanted in latter times by Mr. Furniss and Mr. Wheeler, he is still seen fitfully in his old hunting-ground. Miss M. Fraser, who made a drawing in this year and another in 1876; Mr. W. G. Holt, with a couple of drawings, and "W. G. S.," in 1878; Mr. Dower Wilson, in the Almanac of 1879, and Mr. A. Rusden, with a single sketch in 1880—these came next; but it is not until the latter year that any new artist was destined to make an unmistakable mark in the paper, or gain for *Punch* additional popularity.

That year is memorable for the enlistment of Mr. Harry Furniss, one of the most able, as he is one of the most facile, draughtsmen of the day. More essentially a caricaturist, in the true sense of the term, than his collaborators, he has been bred up in the *Punch* tradition; while his extraordinary observation and unsurpassed power of catching a likeness—of finding the essential lines wherein character may lurk—his unbounded and buoyant good-humor, which enables him to romp through the pages, with yet an un-failing appreciation of the demands of art, account in full measure for his universal popularity. His first contribution was a skit on the Griffin at Temple Bar (p. 204, vol. ii.), but he soon drifted into Parliamentary work, with an occasional attempt at a "social," until there is now no class of work, except recognized political "cartoons," which he has not attempted.

A contemporary recruit with Mr. Furniss was Mr. E. J. Wheeler, whose sign-manual was sometimes a four-wheeled cab. From that time forward his bright little

theatrical sketches, his initials, and his illustrations to Mr. Burnand's literary contributions have been familiar features to every reader of *Punch*.

For the next few years the new men did not "come to stay." Mr. Finch Mason contributed three sporting cuts in 1881, three in 1882, and another in the following year; Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., appeared in the Almanac for 1882 with a fancy portrait of a Dutch lady, pretty as a drawing but mild in humor; Mr. W. Paget with a single sketch; Mr. Thompson another, signed with a swan; and Mr. Alfred Bryan — all in the same year. Mr. Bryan made the clever series of "Sketches by Boz," in which political men of the day were caricatured in the persons of the accepted representatives of Dickensian characters; "E. M. C." appeared once or twice in 1883; Mr. John Page Mellor, barrister-at-law, contributed three drawings from 1886 to 1888, "Sub Punch and Judice," which was partly re-drawn, a skit on the "Wheel and Van Tax," and the "Judges going to Greenwich;" Mr. Harper Pennington the American artist, made a theatrical sketch in 1886; and in 1888 Mr. G. H. Jalland began his genuinely comic hunting sketches. Although an amateur Mr. Jalland is often extremely happy in his drawings, and his jokes are usually conceived in a richly humorous vein. Many of his subjects were published in 1889, and he is still an occasional contributor to the fun of the week. A French draughtsman, Monsieur G. Darre, introduced a more dashing style in his few little sketches on his native politics which appeared in 1888 and the following year; but though undeniably clever and very effective, they lacked both true artistic quality and *Punch's* spirit. The year 1889 brought "C. A. M." with a single drawing, and Mr. E. T. Reed. The latter was speedily called to "the table," and as a staff-officer has greatly developed his undoubted powers. Notwithstanding his obvious lack of training, he is broadly humorous, and has, moreover, introduced a style of his own. The present year has brought forth, so far as *Punch* is concerned, Mr. Bernard Partridge, on whose shoulders the combined mantles of Charles Keene and Mr. Du Maurier have in a measure fallen; Mr. Everard Hopkins, the artist of "Black and White;" and an amateur, Mr. W. T. Maud. With this name my list closes — a list from which very few, if any, of the workers of the *London Charivari* have been omitted.

It will thus be seen, with the exception

of George Cruikshank, Onwhyn, Mr. J. S. Sullivan, Mr. John Proctor, and a few others, *Punch* has at one time or another engaged the pencils of all our chief humorous draughtsmen of his time, and even persuaded notable men of a more serious turn to try their hand at comic work. If I have gone greatly into detail in dealing with this subject, it is because I have felt that, in its artistic aspect, the paper occupies a position of great importance. It is more than a comic journal; it is and has been for fifty years a school of wood-drawing, of pen-draughtsmanship, and wood-engraving of the first rank; nay, it is a school of art in itself. The effect of its art teaching has been widely felt, and, on this ground alone, its doings should command interest and justify a close examination into its rise and progress. What its future is to be none can foretell; but young men are arising who are capable of carrying on its traditions and of bearing its banner bravely, and it may safely be assumed that, just as the Royal Academy sooner or later absorbs the best of the outsiders, so *Punch* will never lack the ablest men ready to don his cap and motley and shake his merry bells.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

From Belgravia.

#### GRASSE IN SPRING.

THOUGH it might be a truism to say that life has many pleasures, it is certainly a truth to affirm that one of the pleasantest among them is that of exchanging the fogs and gloom of England in winter and early spring, for the lilled fields, the limpid waters, and the skies of stainless blue which are to be found in many parts of the Riviera during those inclement seasons. Indeed, there are so many lovely spots in that favored region to choose from, that the difficulty is to know which to select for a winter resort. But on the whole the preference might be given to Grasse; for in addition to its commanding position and balmy atmosphere, this little inland town is so charged with historic memories and so replete with traditions of a remote past, that it has a peculiar charm of its own, which is felt by everybody. That, however, is quite intelligible. For after all, the visible is only a fragment of the real, and in the activities of the human mind it always appears that suggestion affords a higher kind of enjoyment than observation. That is to say, there is

more true pleasure to be derived from what awakens vivid conceptions and stimulates thought, than from any scene, however fair, round which no halo of association lingers.

Thus, Grasse seems to meet every requirement; for it is beautiful as well as interesting; the town, which faces due south, is as sheltered as the fabled Avalon; and it is blessed with a climate so gracious and benignant that the mere fact of breathing the pure, clear air there, is a pleasure in itself. In olden times Grasse was called "the small village near Cannes," from which it is distant about thirteen miles. But the journey from one place to the other seems much too short to the traveller; for the road lies through such a charming part of the country that he would fain linger to enjoy the fair pictures which are unfolded to his view at every turn, and which are as varied in character as they are beautiful in detail.

On reaching the station at Grasse, there is a steep climb thence into the town, which is romantically situated on the Rocavignon Mountain at an elevation of a thousand feet above sea level. Of course it is quite true that distance lends a certain enchantment to it, which a nearer approach in some measure dispels—as the streets are narrow and tortuous and sometimes so very steep that they are scaled by stone steps. But at the same time the repose and the poetic shadows of the centuries hang over its dreamy public square and torpid thoroughfares; and the arched buttresses of the houses, thrown across from one to the other—are not only most picturesque, but give many effective bits of street architecture which would delight an artistic eye. Besides, though Grasse is, broadly speaking, a typical Provençal town, it presents one wholly new feature—namely, the possibility of portraying humor in brick and stone. For many of the buildings it contains afford studies of this nature, and in some instances look far more like as if the builders thereof had been embodying a joke, than addressing themselves to any serious architectural effort, when erecting them. For example, there is *Les trois Eglises*—three churches built one above another (in tiers) each with its separate entrance but with only one steeple surmounting all three; then there is a house in the Rue de la Délivrance with no less than seven doors—though, owing to the limited dimensions of the building, these numerous entrances are as useless as they are unornamental; there is also a tenement close

to the parish church, which has two floors above, and six beneath the ground floor; and among other architectural vagaries may be mentioned the very ancient church of St. Sauveur, with its circular form and flat buttresses—and the Hotel de Ville, with its peculiar central tower of eleventh-century masonry, which was once a bishop's palace.

But notwithstanding the humorous vein which runs through their works, it is evident that the old Grassois architects had an instinctive sense of the graceful and spirited in design, which imparted a certain charm to their buildings, and a dash of artistic effect, whereby they always appear to be in accord with their surroundings instead of at variance with them, as would have been the case had they been commonplace, and therefore incongruous. Thus, though the houses at Grasse are literally piled up against the hill in masses, and in many instances have to accommodate themselves to its configuration, they look, so to say, complementary to the scene and seem to harmonize with it perfectly. In like manner, too, although the streets might be called slits, it is evident that their extreme narrowness arose from the exigencies of the case also. For the recondite problem presenting itself for solution to the builders was, how to afford the greatest amount of accommodation in the smallest possible space, and with the least expenditure of material—and they solved it.

Some writers affirm that Grasse owes its elevated situation to the depredations of the Moors on the seacoast which drove the inhabitants (certain Celto-Ligurian tribes) to seek a commanding position inland. But in any case it is a matter of history, that this superannuated looking little town, with its cramped, spasmodic streets and languid shops, was once, about seven hundred years ago, a tiny republic, and had the honor of being in alliance with the proud Genoa; though subsequently, in the mutations of time, it and many other republics lost what might be called their individuality and became merged in large, complex monarchies. Another change which has been wrought, is the modern substitution of the departmental name, Var, for the whole district, which had formerly been divided into parts and places well known in song and story. And this recasting of the map is certainly attended with a sense of loss—for Languedoc and Provence were the true home of the Troubadours and of that Provençal tongue in which they sang their

romantic and stirring tales of love and war.

There are several interesting old structures at Grasse which deserve a word of mention. Chief among these is the ancient Gothic cathedral, built on the site of what was once a Roman temple, and dating from the twelfth century. It has a pointed doorway and two crypts of modern date cut in the rock beneath it; and, though the style throughout is decidedly austere and unrelieved by any light ornamentation, it interests by reason of its sombre simplicity and the air of earnestness and thoroughness by which it is characterized. Besides, old buildings of this kind always seem to have so much to say to one! There is neither speech nor language it is true — and yet their voices are heard. And to those who listen — while everything has a meaning, from the soaring roof to the lowliest tomb, and each separate detail conveys a message — the whole structure seems to reveal the history and character of the people, while it is the outward and visible sign of their inward faith and aspirations also.

Close to the Hotel de Ville there is a wonderful square tower (of the same date as the cathedral), which attracts attention because it was once the residence of that extraordinary personage Jeanne, queen of Naples, said to be the most dangerous and fascinating woman of the fourteenth century. It will be remembered that she was one of the ladies of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, ultimately smothered in her bed at the Castle of Muro, and her history, which reads just like a romance, presents many points of resemblance to that of Mary of Scotland.

The Hotel Malvilan is also a fascinating old place, and so is the Hotel Mirabeau, where the great orator of the Revolution passed his youthful days, and where he and his sister Louisa scandalized the virtuous Grassois by their irregularities. Indeed the decorum of the inhabitants was so thoroughly outraged that when he subsequently solicited their votes, as he was about to enter on his political life, they indignantly refused to give him any countenance or support whatever.

It is satisfactory to be able to add that the Grassois of the present day still retain much of their primitive simplicity and good qualities, and are a most pleasant people to sojourn among. They have gentle and engaging manners, are always ready to oblige, and they exercise a graceful courtesy towards strangers which is very agreeable, and which one cannot help

fancying must be partly superinduced by their gracious surroundings. For there can be no doubt that climate and scenery have much to do in the formation of human character — and people without knowing it absorb to a great extent the physical attributes of the place they live in. The pleasures and amusements of the Grassois, too, are of a refined description — music and dancing being their chief pastimes. And though their highest enjoyment appears to be sitting in the sun doing nothing — they do it so picturesquely that it seems all right. Besides, this species of enjoyment is merely indulged in while they are resting from their labors. For they are most industrious, and work so hard and so successfully at their sweet occupation of making perfumes that their town has obtained the reputation of being the most prosperous in the south of France.\* Grasse is indeed a veritable land of flowers — where you will see whole fields of roses and such sheets of bright blue violets that they really look like bits of cloudland which had fallen upon the earth. But though jasmine, tuberose, acacia, heliotrope, and violets are all pressed into the service, the main industry is that of orange blossoms and roses — and the former grow in such quantities that in some of the *cafés* they give you orange-flower water with tea instead of milk.

Of course the fact of flowers being thus everywhere present scents the air deliciously and gives a very distinctive character to the place. Those who study the subject, too, say that sweet odors are not only agreeable but wholesome likewise. And certainly, by the power of a chemistry which we can only vaguely understand, the fragrance exhaled by the flowers at Grasse seems to exercise a most subtle and benign influence on the inhabitants as well as upon strangers. For the former, to judge by their happy, tranquil faces, evidently find life sweet in every sense of the word. It is true they are not ambitious, nor do they exhibit any traces of nascent or potential greatness. But then they seem to be quite content — and if contentment is synonymous with happiness, surely their philosophy is the soundest after all! The fact is, they appear to be a self-contained and, in one sense, a self-satisfied people also. They do not

\* It appears that Grasse has always been famous for its flowers, and celebrated for ages for the manufacture of perfumes. But of late years the trade has received such an impetus from the exertions of M. Pérolles that it now extends over the whole world.

look beyond the near future, and what has gone by concerns them not at all. Thrones may totter and dynasties may fall, but only the faint echo of such catastrophes reaches them; and with the vast political and social upheaving that has rent society in France they have nothing whatever to do. In this way their surface-existence, at least, appears to be quite idyllic. But though their mode of life is perfectly modern in most respects, they still retain some very ancient customs which give an old-world flavor to it. For instance, the largest of their church bells still rings to curfew; a merry peal from the smaller ones in all probability denotes the funeral of an infant — thus recalling the Scythians of old, of whom it is recorded that they used to weep at a birth and rejoice at a death; at Christmastide, when the scattered members of a family are gathered together, they pour wine over their Yule log in true Anglo-Saxon fashion; and when you see young men and maidens going to a wedding supper at midnight, carrying lanterns and torches, you feel as if the tide of time had suddenly rolled back to the first century, and that a chapter of the New Testament was being enacted before you.\* Thus these people are really very interesting in many respects, although so little (comparatively speaking) is still known about them, because the town has not yet become a fashionable resort. Moreover, the care with which they cherish their pictures and ornaments seems like a survival of inherited traditions. For though these little towns of the Alpes Maritimes cannot vie with the famous republics of Italy in regard of works of art and other splendid monuments of a great and brilliant past — Grasse, Vence, Le Bar, etc., had their own painters and sculptors in other days, and still exhibit traces of that refining intercourse with Italy which arose from the war of Charles VIII.

There is such an endless variety of excursions to be made from Grasse, by boat, rail, and carriage, that one might spend many weeks there without exhausting them. In the immediate neighborhood, too, the walks and rides are legion; and, owing to the overlapping hills, there are a number of those delightful lateral vistas which add such a charm to a scene, because they only reveal enough to stimulate

\* There is a magic source at a place called Gariboudy in this neighborhood which recalls the famous mill of nursery classics in which the old were ground young; and there is a valley of stones near Courmes, the genius of which must be propitiated by a stony offering by all visitors who wish to live long and die happy.

curiosity and suggest to the imagination that greater beauty and fairer pictures lie beyond. On a very fine day, however — and nature does really understand the art of making an ideal afternoon at Grasse — perhaps one of the pleasantest excursions is a sail to the islands of St. Honorat and St. Marguerite. At the former the points of attraction are the ruins of the ancient castle, the monastery of Les Pérens — and the magnificent forest of pines by which it is clothed. Indeed, an al-fresco meal partaken of beneath the friendly shade of those stately trees, which stretch away on all sides into endless avenues of green loneliness and fragrant gloom, is a thing to be long remembered. And while it lasts, as you inhale the subtle aroma diffused through the air, within sound of the chiming sea, and within view of the lovely purple shadows which lie dreaming on its surface, every sense is gratified and each one seems to become a minister of enjoyment. At the neighboring island of St. Marguerite the objective point of interest is the Fort Royal — celebrated as having been for so many years the living tomb of that most mysterious person, the man with the iron mask\* — and in later days as being the prison of Marshal Bazaine, from which he effected his escape in August, 1874.

Another pleasant excursion is to Pégomas on the banks of the Siagne; which with its tall poplars, its silver olive woods, and its happy fields, flushed with the "burning stars" of the scarlet anemone, presents a most alluring picture to mind and eye. The Siagne, it is true, is not a broad or stately river by any means. But then it is pretty and lovable, and makes a most engaging companion as it sings its "song without words" on a golden afternoon in spring, when the trees on its banks whisper soft secrets to the breeze, or else bend down over it to watch their own fair reflection in the water. In some parts, too, they grow so close together and so near the water's edge that their branches touch the wave; and these delightful little nooks form a series of pictures (on a very small scale), which are so delicately touched and so carefully finished in every detail that they look like so many vignettes of Birket Foster's.

Auribau likewise deserves a word of praise. It is a beautifully situated little village, built on the summit of a hill which rises in the centre of a valley as fair and

\* Voltaire mentions (Siècle de Louis XIV.) that he was subsequently removed to Paris and died there in 1703.



smiling as the Vale of Tempe itself, and the drive to which is very enjoyable also. Then there are the ruins of Calian and Montcaroux to be seen; the village of St. Vallier in a most picturesque part of the country; Pennafort on the Loup; the forest of Beauregard; and Gourdon, perched on its crag, which in the distance looks uncommonly like Eza, as the latter appears when seen from Monaco. The château of Gourdon dates from the sixteenth century and occupies a very imposing position on the edge of a plateau about three thousand feet above sea level. The castle of Bar, which was the cradle of the Comtes de Grasse, is also an imposing mass of masonry and can claim some historic interest, as Francis I. once spent three days there. But alas for fame and the dignity of historic personages—the rooms he occupied, instead of being regarded as sacred ground, are now turned into an undignified café! At Vence, where the best violets grow, there is another old castle—full of the fragrance of the past, and containing some valuable frescoes and other ancient things which are well worth seeing; and the memorable Fréjus, which can boast of more Roman remains than any other place hereabouts, derives additional interest from having been the birthplace of Agricola, to whom north Britain owes the blessings of Roman civilization.

The drive to Monans-Sartoux cannot be omitted from the list either. For, added to the Roman tombs, wells, and inscriptions to be found there, the château of Monans is shaded by those pleasant umbrella pines which, being of a bright green, form a prominent feature in the scene and contrast very agreeably with the ubiquitous olive.

But the prettiest excursion of all is to the Gorges du Loup—the latter being a small river with richly wooded banks, which in some of its green, sequestered reaches recalls the Thames—at its best. Everybody goes to see the *pont* and *Saut du Loup*; the one spanning the river at its brightest passage and in the midst of a charming bit of woodland—and the other being a waterfall, which in spite of its want of height and volume is very effective and forms a striking incident in the scene. Moreover, the drive to these beauty spots abounds with interest and scenery of the most varied character. If you pass the village of La Colle and thence on through Rouret and the picturesque defile indicated, you will see the mediæval castle belonging to the Count de Panisse, and the old tower on the mountain-top

which was formerly used to signal the approach of enemies; and you will find yourself in a deep ravine whose steep sides and fantastic rocks and foliage present a most impressive appearance; while the soft light, the green gloom, which pervades it is peculiar to itself and could only be depicted by Turner with his trick of aerial glamour and wonderful power of reproducing the most subtle atmospheric effects.

Strange to say, though the other hills at Grasse are clothed with pines as well as the Rocavignon Mountain, none of them give the idea of being richly or thickly covered. On the contrary, owing to the undergrowth of Mediterranean heath and cistus being very thin, the rocky soil obtrudes in so many places that they look, on the whole, rather sparsely and scantily clad. But whatever their shortcomings in this respect may be, it is certain that the views they command leave nothing to be desired—as the blue smoke arising from the various factories rests on them like a veil, and thus conceals the tall, unsightly chimneys which would otherwise strike a discordant note in the fair scene. Hence, taking your stand on one of those lofty eminences—say on the plateau near the Grand Hotel where the queen is now staying\*—you see before you an enchanting picture, set in a blue mystery of sky and mountain, which it would be difficult if not impossible to surpass. In front there is the glorious expanse of shimmering sea—serene and rippleless and blue as a sapphire, but with silver gleams, like bright thoughts, flitting over it from time to time; on the shore there is the bloom of fair gardens and flower-enamelled fields, the gold of orange and lemon groves, and the darker shade lent by pine forests and olive woods; and in the distance there are the purple Esterels and snowy Alpine peaks, which in their stainless drapery of white, bring into such fine relief the soft gradations of tone and coloring on the nearer hills and the rich hues of the red and grey porphyry cliffs; while over and above all there is the radiant amber glow of the afternoon sunshine, which is different from everything else in the world and which literally lights up the whole land like a smile. But while the scene is thus attractive, with its sunny fountains and gardens gay, its fairy dells and soaring heights, its wayside shrines and chapels, and its many ruined castles—those broken letters whereby we read the faded story of the past—it must be admitted

\* Written in March.

that the paramount charm of the place lies in its balmy air, whose tonic properties seem to infuse new life and vigor into wearied brain and jaded nerve at once, and which exercises its spell most potently during the Dark Ages of the year. The truth is, winter here seems a laughing defiance of established facts and the usual order of things. It is a sort of pantomime of nature — and so independent of seasonal fluctuations that though winter and early spring may be marked in the calendar, at Grasse the time of singing-birds has come, the violet skies are perfectly clear and cloudless, the loveliest flowers are blooming out of doors, and the thermometer often registers sixty degrees! Thus, when the dyspeptic, discontented Briton arrives here — surcharged with that deep and abiding gloom which is begotten of the foggy atmosphere and lowering skies of his native land — although at first he rails at life, and declares he wishes

he had been changed at nurse, or died in his cradle, or something else equally dreadful — before long the spell begins to work; and ere many days have passed he feels so much better that he is quite prepared to admit that things are not so bad as they might be, and that existence has some pleasures after all.

Taking all these things into consideration, therefore, it would be difficult to find a more agreeable place in which to spend February and March than Grasse. For during those months the voice of spring seems to sing softly to itself as it passes through opening leaves and blossoming flowers; the air is fresh as well as fragrant, and the sun's rays being not too fervent, one is able to indulge in those delightful little explorations which constitute the chief enjoyment of a sojourn in a strange region — especially when that region happens to be as beautiful and replete with interest as Grasse.

**THE PROPERTIES AND EFFECTS OF FOG.** — The fog, it is said, is about to undergo at the hands of certain scientific observers the ordeal of scientific investigation. The inquiry will not be the first of its kind. Though perhaps never before the subject of a collective examination, the characters of this familiar pall which from time to time wraps our streets in dangerous uncertainty have already given rise to much original thought, observation, and suggestion. To assign to it any constant composition is indeed impossible, since, besides its fundamental basis of water vapor, it must carry in a condensed form the mixed impurities of city air. In considering the gloomy winter clouds one primary idea which commonly presents itself is that of smoke. Our tingling eyes and our offended sense of smell alike protest against this contact of carbonaceous matter out of place. Analysis confirms the sensible fact. Other matters, however, claim their place as components. The various refuse gases of manufactures, the miasmata of a river overwrought by commerce, the emanations from innumerable human homes, and the additions furnished by sewage add each its contribution to the dense and semi-liquid atmosphere. Happily no process of accumulation can under ordinary circumstances abolish the inherent vitalizing purity of the now overburdened air. There is, too, the saving influence of the suspended carbon. With all such qualifying conditions, however, the fog atmosphere continues a direct cause of much discomfort and ill-health. Acting though it must largely by its irritant properties, it bears about also at all times more distinctly morbid ingredients. The chilly oppression settles down, and straightway those more sus-

ceptible to its action — the youngest, the aged, and the feebly respiring from whatever cause — become ill. Is the supervening chest trouble a mere mechanical process? Is there not in it also a germ-borne contagion? Surely among so much that is foul, though greatly diluted, there is also this means of mischief. Whatever its precise nature, however, there is no question as to the injury to health, fatal too often, which the fog assuredly brings. Clearly, then, it is our natural business, as mere intelligent beings, to guard our most truly vital interests as far as we can by means, at least, of one rational precaution, and to refrain from adding to an atmosphere originally pure any avoidable impurity. How the black smoke shall be restored to the furnace, how the sewer air shall be dissipated or absorbed more safely we shall not now discuss. The group of scientific inquiries above mentioned should not fail to examine this practical matter.

Lancet.

**POTATO ALCOHOL.** — A French chemist, M. Aimé Girard, has shown that the potato called "Richter Emperor" is well fitted for the production of alcohol by distillation on a commercial scale. At one operation seventy-eight thousand kilogrammes of potatoes were treated, and ten litres of alcohol absolutely pure, were obtained from every one hundred kilogrammes of the tuber. Another distillation gave fourteen litres for the same quantity of roots. The "draff" which resulted was readily eaten by cattle.